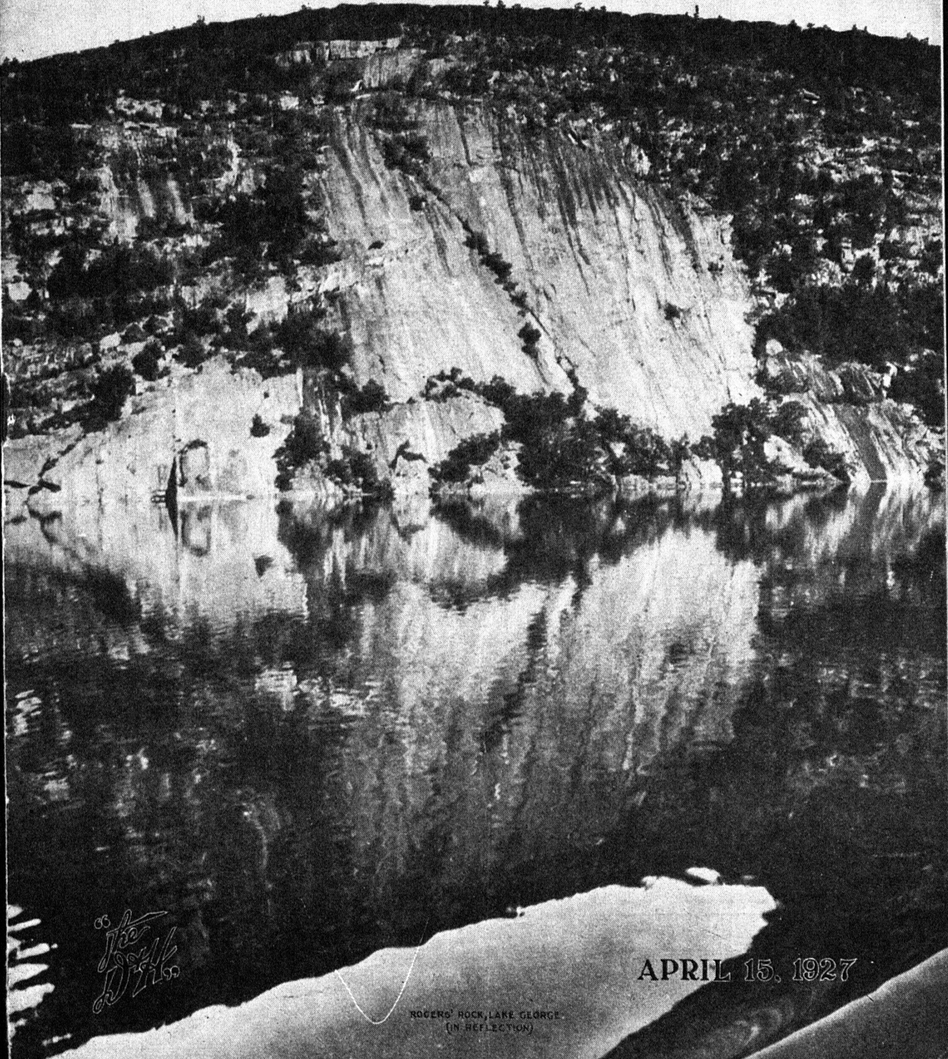
THE DELAWARE AND HUDSON COMPANY BULLETIN

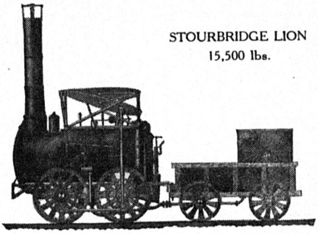


APRIL 15, 1927

ROGERS' ROCK, LAKE GEORGE
(IN REFLECTION)

One Hundred and Four Years

1823 1927



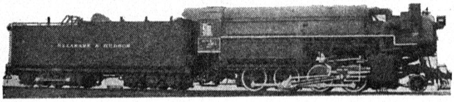
STOURBRIDGE LION
15,500 lbs.

APRIL 23

marks the passing of another year during which

The Delaware and Hudson Company

the oldest existing transportation company in the Western Hemisphere, made another substantial contribution to locomotive development.



JOHN B. JERVIS
639,500 lbs.

The
DELAWARE AND HUDSON COMPANY
BULLETIN
Vol. 7 Albany, N. Y., April 15, 1927 No. 8

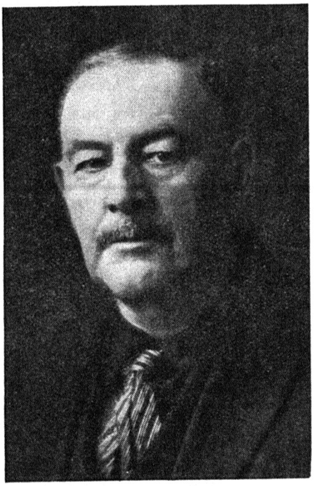
An Interesting Retrospect

Schenectady Veteran of Nearly Forty-One Years of Continuous Service Recalls Faces and Landmarks of Early Railroad Days, That Are No More

BEGRUDGINGLY we give up one landmark and another in obedience to the march of progress. However humble and valueless in all other respects many of these are actually rich in tradition and beloved for the sentiment that is centered in them. And as they are lost to view for all time, we realize that the faces of many whose lives were associated with them are missing, also. They, too, have passed out of the scene forever.

Even a dingy, single story, smoke-begrimed, shabby wooden engine house of fifty years ago was beloved. There in the light of hand torches engineers and firemen performed a work the practice of which passed with the closing of their careers. They actually lived with their engines. Not alone did they know how to operate them, but they knew, too, how to keep them in repair. There was no other alternative. When they became involved in trouble out on the road they were depended upon to solve their own problems. They did not have recourse to the facilities provided today for such emergencies.

Augmenting the labor of engine crews in keeping their engines spick-and-span, was the wiper, who in many instances was but a locomotive fireman in the making. It was he who crawled over and under and in between in search of grease and dirt. And it was he, too, who thought his time had come to an end when by chance an engineer discovered a dirty link or a brass acorn or some other fandangle that had escaped attention.


ANDREW BLESER

ANDREW BLESER, of No. 304 Duane Avenue, Schenectady, N. Y., was a wiper in those memorable days and well remembers the Company's first engine house in that city. It stood "downtown," near what is now the New York Central's Troy track, and was entirely of wood. At first it was just large enough to cover two tracks of two pits each and so provided the necessary shelter for four locomotives. Sometime later, a small addition was built to cover another track with two pits, giving the house a total capacity of six locomotives, diminutive in size as compared with their modern counterparts but staunch and dependable, nevertheless. What they lacked in size insofar as conspicuity was concerned, was made up in their lavish attire of brass pipes and ornaments that at all times were kept polished to a mirror finish. Little wonder is it that they were the pride of all who worked upon them.

Gone is that landmark and gone, too, are John Argue, the foreman; Tom Pashley, the blacksmith; George Chapman, the machinist; and his fellow wipers, Frank Furman and "Sate" Van Allen. Furman and Van Allen were in the service of the Rensselaer and Saratoga while he was an Albany and Susquehanna employe. Gone, are the locomotive engineers whose goings and comings were a part of the daily routine, and many of the firemen, also. The old engine house he cannot forget; in fact, he has no desire to forget it for was it not there that on February 6, 1879, he began a railroad career that ripened into forty years and seven months ere it came to an end. On the contrary, he cherishes the recollection that brings back the scenes and faces of those days.

He has passed his entire life in Schenectady, having been born there December 27, 1857, second oldest in the family of Clemens Bleser, a street paver who helped to improve the city's streets when cobblestone paving only was used. The family home was on the old Albany turnpike at what is now the corner of State street and Brandywine Avenue. Of his two sisters and two brothers, one brother Jacob, who was an engineer on the Boston and Maine between Mechanicville and Deerfield, Mass., has died.

Until he was three months past his twelfth birthday, he attended school. Then he obtained work running a breaker in Roy's Shawl Factory, one of the city's foremost industries. His day began at 6:30 a. m., and continued until 6:30 p. m., with a forty-minute interval for lunch, and in return he received the magnificent sum of eight dollars a month. At the conclusion of a year in the factory, he went into Whitmeyer's Broom shop that stood on the Mohawk river, near the crossover bridge at the foot of State street, where he sewed brushes and sized broom corn. There he was paid a piecework rate and managed to earn from eighty to ninety cents a day. Later he earned from $1.50 to $2.00 a day.

Next, he turned to the railroad as has already been cited. Among the engines then kept at the house were the *Ira Brownell*, the *Harvey Hunt*, an old brick burner, the *Tibbitts*, a passenger engine making three round trips a day between Schenectady and Saratoga Springs, with Bill Spoor at the throttle; the *Rutland* and the *Ticonderoga*, the first hard coal burners used north of Schenectady. They ran on alternate days to Rutland, Vermont. As a wiper, he enjoyed a particular advantage over his two buddies who were employed by the Rensselaer and Saratoga in that he was paid $32.50 a month, whereas they received but $30.

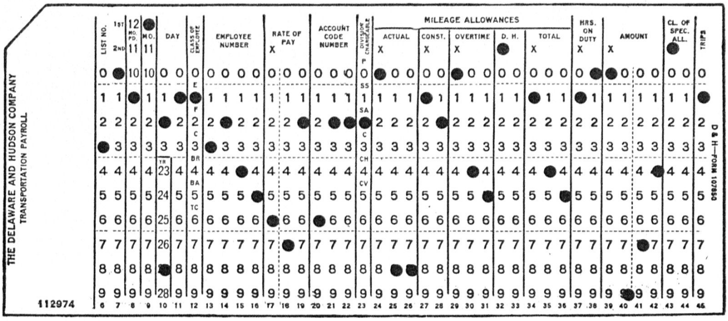
Altogether he served three years as a wiper. Then he became a locomotive fireman and made his first trip on the *C. D. Hammond*, with William Warner, in pusher service between Schenectady and East Worcester, and sometimes going as far as Oneonta. The road was all of single track and numerous wooden trestles no longer to be seen were traversed en route. He cringes with a feeling of fear as he now recalls those old trestles. "I've leaned out many times," he will tell you, "coming around McDougal's curve at Duanesburg and, as we crossed the trestle, watched the big timbers play up and down, the water spurting out of the holes where they were set into the ground."

After two years on a locomotive his interest in railroading waned to the extent that he was about to quit and take a position as a stationary engineer elsewhere, but he went back to the roundhouse as a hostler, instead. It is proper that we say roundhouse in this instance, for the building at Mohawk had just been completed and he went "out" and took care of the first engine, the No. 173, sent there. Incidentally that was the last engine on which he worked as a fireman. It had just been calked and other work done upon it and was ran to the new house by DENNIS MURPHY, now running as a locomotive engineer in the Binghamton yard. Boy-like, he and MURPHY inscribed their names on a window ledge and in the culvert near the roundhouse where they are still to be seen.

For seven years he worked as a hostler and then he became a car inspector under Bill Hale in the Mohawk yard which employment he followed until retired on October 1, 1919, the seven years immediately preceding having been spent in the yard at Glenville, however. E. E. LACLAIR was his last foreman. In the beginning of his career as a Car inspector the Mohawk yard was a most busy place. It was not uncommon for him to find five or six trains waiting on the main when he reported for work and he the only inspector to go over them.

More than half of his forty years were spent in night work to which he found no particular objection. It was a matter of principle with him that he always discharged his duties precisely as he was expected to or as he considered would best serve the interests of his employers. The weather was never too severe, nor was there any other excuse that would swerve him from this course. As a result he enjoys the thought that to the best of his knowledge he rendered an honest service and that he did so, his record ably testifies.

In November, 1878, he was married to Elizabeth Smith and to them three sons and a daughter have been born. He is a member of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic church of Schenectady.



A Typical Tabulating Card

Nine Digits, A Cipher and Punched Holes

IN a large room in the Auditor of Disbursements' office in Albany stand a number of strange looking machines which perform—one wonders what kind of service. Some are enormously heavy, completely enclosed devices that whir and click at a great rate, and haltingly disgorge wide strips of paper covered with columns of printed figures. Others, of slighter build, are swiftly transferring vari-colored cards from hoppers—in which the cards obviously had been placed in irregular arrangement,—to a number of pockets where they are dropped, all cards of similar color falling into the same pocket with uncanny precision. At the opposite end of the room twenty young women sit before twenty small machines of strange design; the principal distinction of these contrivances is a set of rubber tipped keys that resembles a small segment of typewriter keyboard. Twenty left hands are manipulating cards; sixty nimble fingers belonging to twenty right hands simultaneously are striking keys with expert aim and rapidity.

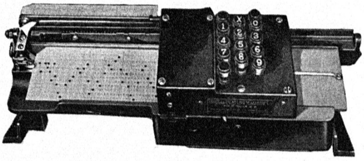
Speed! The atmosphere is charged with it. Yet no one seems unduly rushed. Quantities of cards are being fed to all the apparatus in the room. The whirring and clicking are incessant.

It all looks very important. It all is. Here in this room—the Tabulating department—the Company's records are compiled. Every figure-fact concerning The Delaware and Hudson Company's activities is here recorded and the whole mass of data shaped into report forms by electric machines. Their motto is, "Do it fast—but accurately."

Electric Tabulating and Accounting Machines, as the equipment is called, are the latest development in mechanical accounting. They have enabled our accountants to place their work on such a basis that every employe of the Company, regardless of what he does or where, is directly connected with this tabulating installation. It is the crucible where working hours are turned into pay checks.

But the ingenuity possessed by these cards and these different mechanical units—which makes them interesting even to those not particularly concerned with accounting and its methods—radiates to every nook and cranny, as well as the *mountain peaks*, of our business.

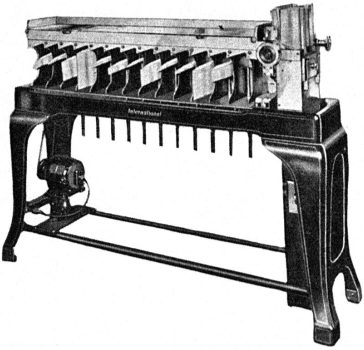
When an appropriation covering the purchase of a locomotive is signed—"punch! punch! punch!" go some keys and the fact is unalterably recorded on a tabulating card by means of perforations. When a shopman at the far end of the line works half an hour overtime—"punch! punch! punch!" go some keys and the fact is recorded on a card to bear fruit later as addi-



Electric Key Punch

tional pay. When a length of 2-inch cast iron pipe is withdrawn from a storeroom—"punch! punch! punch!" go some keys and the fact is recorded on a card for use in inventorying. Every statistical fact pertaining to the operation of The Delaware and Hudson Company is handled by Electric Tabulating and Accounting Machines.

This ramification—reaching, as it does, every one of our employes — suggested a series of articles on "punched-hole accounting," which will appear regularly for a time in subsequent issues of *The Bulletin*. These articles, needless to say, will not constitute a course on modern accounting, but, rather, will treat from the layman's angle those forms of statistical work that link the Tabulating department with the efforts of the field.



Electric Sorting Machine

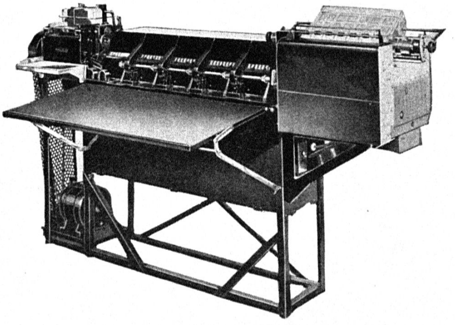
The results accomplished by all of us are in some shape or manner reflected in the Company's statistics. That fact will indicate the great variety and quantity of reports which it is necessary for our accounting department to prepare. The task is gigantic. Human brains and hands alone could not begin to manage it.

Although The Delaware and Hudson Company has been a user of this mechanical accounting equipment since 1913, the applications were somewhat limited until recently. But even in that early period we were the pioneers in adapting this punched-hole method to certain phases of railroad accounting. We are now the pioneers in many new applications.

As our business grew larger and larger the amount of statistical information increased to such proportions, and the need for timely reports became so urgent, that a revision of our accounting procedures was more than apparent. Happily the International Business Machines Corporation, manufacturers of Electric Tabulating and Accounting Machines, had anticipated the future uses for its products, and in the meantime had designed the new models we recently installed. As a result, we now handle *all* of our accounting and statistical work on these machines. We get reports and analyses never before possible. Accuracy is certified. We get reports on time—an enormously important consideration. And all this without any additional labor on the part of the clerical force or foremen.

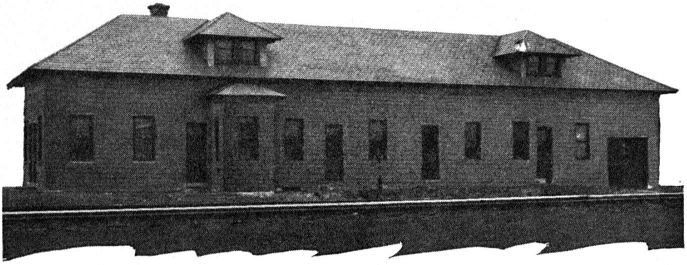
On the contrary. One of the principal advantages that will accrue from this extension of uses is the elimination of much work done by the foremen and men in the preparation of original data — such as "Time Returns," "Material Orders," etc. And we shall aim constantly to further simplify these details.

Let us become acquainted with those devices



Electric Accounting Machine

(Concluded on Page 123)



Oneonta's New Yard Office

Model Yard Office at Oneonta

Structure Combining Modern Ideas Designed to Facilitate the Work of a Yardmaster's Force, Replaces Building Destroyed by Fire a Year Ago

WHEN, on the evening of January 13, 1926 at 10:20 o'clock, fire destroyed the yard office at Oneonta, its occupants were very much disheartened. No matter how homely or out-of-date, or how vigorously the building may have been condemned by them because of certain inconveniences, it had long been the scene of their labors and, therefore, abounded with sentiment the ruthless removal of which they deplored. As years of service in any profession mount up there develops this growing attachment for the place where their many details have been consummated.

Fire or no fire, however, everyone knew that trains had to be kept moving. What was more, they had to be kept moving *on time*. Likewise, the great mass of detail paper work had to be kept up to the minute, multitudinous questions had to be answered with promptness, and much else had to be done with the same expedition and precision that always is exacted in such a busy place as a railroad yard. Well might the wise ones scratch their heads as they pondered their plight. A make-shift arrangement was the best that could be expected, and at 11:15 p. m., combination car No. 527 was switched to a track near the ruins and forthwith became the official "yard office," from which trains were dispatched without further delay. The next day coach No. 181 was added, and occupied by the yardmaster's force, combination car No. 527 thereafter being used as the crew register room.

For a little more than a year, these improvised quarters were occupied day and night. Lack of space proved a discouraging handicap many times for one and all, but it was accepted in good part and the final results failed to reflect any evidence of it. Better times and a better place in which to work were forthcoming and with no little eagerness, longing eyes followed the movements of masons and carpenters as out of a grist of timber, concrete and other materials they fashioned a handsome building of a modern Roman design, the plans and specifications for which had been prepared in the Chief Engineer's office in Albany.

Monday, January 31, last, was moving day and J. W. NOLAN, general yardmaster, his corps of assistant yardmasters, clerks and other members of the force went about their task with light hearts. Starting at 8:57 a. m., it took them exactly three minutes to make the shift. In their elation they never gave second thought to the old coaches they were quitting; not a regret was heard. Instead, the newness, the commodiousness, the modernness, and the many splendid appointments of their new "home" alone occupied their attention. All of these they share, in part,

(Continued on Page 124)

The
Delaware and Hudson Company
BULLETIN

Office of Publication:
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ALBANY, N. Y.

PUBLISHED semi-monthly by The Delaware and Hudson Company for the information of the men who operate the railroad, in the belief that mutual understanding of the problems we all have to meet will help us to solve them for our mutual welfare.

Permission is given to reprint, with credit, in part or in full, any article appearing in THE BULLETIN.

Vol. 7 April 15, 1927 **No. 8**

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.

—DRYDEN.

Take It From A Youngster

MEN make a success of their work when possessed of a proper attitude toward it. "The right sort of men," says E. L. Cord, thirty-two-year-old president of the Auburn Automobile Company, "don't work for money. They work for what money will bring * * * the real satisfaction of life, the things worth while. When men work with that spirit there simply aren't enough days in the week for them to work." That's from a youngster, who, in the Chicago district, in a single year jumped his company from thirty-fourth to fourteenth place in the motor sales ratings. We find it hard to dodge his opinion on the hard-milled ground that it's the talk of an old foggy.

Cord's position at the head of a concern that in 1925 made a net profit of $800,000, and then in the first four and a half months of 1926, under his guidance, sold as many cars as in the preceding twelve months, did not come to him in the form of a legacy from wealthy parents. Quite the opposite. As a boy he had an ambition to get into the manufacturing business and his greatest asset was his dogged persistence in the face of odds such as ordinarily spell "defeat" for most people.

Precedents do not bind him hand and foot. He don't believe in doing things exactly as his predecessors did them, and especially not when a better way is to be found for doing them. Neither does he believe in accepting the commonplace as the best, without first trying to better it.

In the Spring of 1914, he began his meteoric rise. For the sum of $75 he became the sole owner of a dilapidated flivver and with it "disappeared." When next seen, he was driving a fleet speed car that captivated all who saw it. Bids ran high and the car eventually sold for $675. No less than twenty other Fords that season were made to express his ideas and were sold at an average profit of $500 each. The story of his subsequent success is fraught with the same daring and initiative. He went to the Auburn company late in 1924, as vice-president, and a year later was promoted to president. His vision, his acuteness, and his ability to see that only as he invested himself in his work might he succeed were the spurs that won him such an enviable position so early in life.

To cite the moral is unnecessary; it is all too obvious.

If I Were Quitting Earth Tonight

IF I were quitting this earth tonight,
And traveling into the world of light,
I'd pause, I know, for a last, long look
Through the pages of my favorite book;
Retrace the steps of sunny hours
Through woodland valleys, rich with flowers.
I'd even take the time to stop
At the dingy old tobacco shop.
I'd pause and pass the time of day
With the collie dog across the way.
Ever a sentimental fool.
I'd wander down by the dear old school
Where, years ago, I studied and played—
Where the best of me was surely made.
I'd want to wait till the year was old,
And walk abroad in the crisp and cold
Bright air; and once again to know
The rhythmic crunching of feet on snow.
I'd long for a taste of rare old wine.
(These things were part of this life of mine.)

* * * * *

But you—I'd leave you with little regret.
Why, you'll be a laughing sinner yet
When all the stuff in the world is gone,
For you are a soul, and souls live on.
You'll have the same dear whimsical ways
As you had in the happiest earthly days.
Life is long—eternity longer.
Death is strong, but love is stronger.
When you and I are buried and dead,
The best of our lives will be ahead.
For you'll be a spirit and so will I;
Spirits that live and never die.
It is only because I love you so
I'll not be sad when I have to go.
But I'd say good by (for my peace of mind)
To the dear old things that must stay behind—
My book, my dog, the old arm chair,
My study, and all the pictures there,
The fruit in the orchard, the humming bees,
The birds that nested up in the trees.
To all these things I'd say good by.
They have no souls and they must die.

—By BROCK SMITH, in *Detroit Free Press.*

Civil Engineering In America

Interesting Facts Gathered by David Stevenson, and Published by Him Following a Visit to This Country in 1838, Are Here Related

(Continued from Last Issue.)

WHATEVER differences of opinion may exist as to the actual invention of the steamboat, there is no doubt that steam navigation was first fully and successfully introduced into real use in the United States of America, and that Fulton, a native of North America, launched a steam vessel at New York in the year 1807; while the first successful experiment in Europe was made in the *Clyde* in the year 1812, before which period steam had been, during four years, generally used as a propelling power in the vessels navigating the Hudson. The steam navigation of the United States is one of the most interesting subjects connected with the history of North America. * * * The quiet waters enable a much more slender build, and a more delicate mould, give the requisite strength to their vessels, and thus a much greater speed, which essentially depends upon these two qualities, is generally obtained. The position of the machinery and of the cabins, which are raised above the decks of the vessels, admits of powerful engines, with an enormous length of stroke being employed to propel them. * * * The early introduction of steam navigation into the country, and the rapid increase which has since taken place in the number of steamboats, have afforded an extensive field for the prosecution of valuable inquiries; and the builders of steamboats have been enabled to make constant accessions to their practical knowledge, which have gradually produced important improvements in the construction and action of their vessels. But in minutely examining the most approved American steamers, I found it impossible to trace any *general* principles which seem to have served for their construction. Every American steamboat builder holds opinions of his own, which are generally founded, not on theoretical principles, but on deductions drawn from a close examination of the practical effects of the different arrangements and proportions adopted in the construction of steamboats, and these opinions never fail to influence, in a greater or less degree, the build of his vessel, and the proportions which her several parts are made to bear to each other. So lately as twelve years ago, about thirty hours was occupied in making the passage from New York to Albany, or at the rate of only five miles per hour. Passengers were then conveyed in barges towed by steamboats to avoid the danger, which, according to the following extract from an advertisement of the sailing of these vessels, seems at that time to have attended the steam navigation of the country:

> "'Passengers on board the safety barges will not be in the least exposed to any accident which may happen by reason of fire or steam on board of the steamboats. The noise of the machinery, the trembling of the boat, the heat from the furnace, boilers and kitchen, and everything which may be considered as unpleasant or dangerous on board on a steamboat are entirely avoided.'

"These 'safety barges,' however, have been entirely laid aside, and the voyage between Albany and New York is now generally performed in ten hours, exclusive of the time lost in making stoppages, being at the astonishing rate of fifteen miles per hour. They have effected this great increase of speed by constantly making experiments on the forms and proportions of their engines and vessels, in short, by a persevering system of *trial and error*, which is still going forward; and the natural consequence is that, even at this day, no two steamboats are alike, and few of them have attained the age of six months without undergoing some material alterations. * * * The inferences to be drawn from these facts are, that the great experiment for the improvement of steam navigation, in which the Americans may be said to have engaged for the last thirty years, is not completed, and the speed at which they have succeeded in propelling their steam vessels may yet be increased; and also that, in the construction of their vessels, they have been governed by experience and practice alone, without attempting to introduce theoretical principles, in the application of which, to the practice of propelling vessels, by the paddle wheels on the water, numerous difficulties have hitherto been experienced. * * * The shoals in the upper part of the Hudson River, produced by the Overslaugh, have rendered it necessary that the steamboats employed in its navigation should have a small draught of water.

"The great trade of the river, and the crowds of passengers which are constantly traveling between New York and Albany and the intermediate towns, have also led to the adoption of separate lines of boats, one for towing barges loaded with goods, and another exclusively devoted to the conveyance of passengers. The attainment of great speed naturally became an important consideration in the construction of the vessels employed in carrying passengers, and the success which has attended the efforts of the steamboat builders to produce vessels, combining swiftness with efficiency and perfection of workmanship, is truly wonderful, and in the highest degree creditable.

"* * * The '*Rochester*' measures 209 feet 10 inches in length on her deck and keel. The maximum breadth of beam is 24 feet, and, measured outside the paddle wheels, 47 feet. Depth of hold 8 feet 6 inches, draught of water, loaded, 4 feet. Diameter of paddle wheels 24 feet. This vessel is propelled by one engine, having a cylinder 43 inches in diameter, 10 feet stroke, condenses the steam which works expansively and is cut off at half stroke. The great competition that exists in the navigation of the Hudson produces constant racing between boats belonging to different companies, and this is not infrequently attended with serious accidents. When the '*Rochester*' is pitched against another vessel, and at full speed, the steam is often carried as high as 45 pounds, the piston makes 27 double strokes, and the circumference of the paddle wheels moves at the rate of 23.13 miles per hour. * * * Every stroke of the engine produces a momentary acceleration of speed, giving rise to a seesaw motion, resembling that of a rowboat, in which the impulse produced by every stroke of the oars is distinctly felt. * * * A large cabin, serving the double purpose of the gentlemen's sleeping apartment and the public dining room, is formed in the hull of the vessel. It is entered by a stair leading from the first deck. It generally extends from stem to stern, and is elegantly fitted up. The ladies' cabin is on a level with the first deck, from which it enters. This deck is covered with a roof extending from the paddle wheels to the stern of the vessel, the top of which forms a higher deck, raised about 16 feet above the level of the water, called the promenade deck. * * * Fast sailing is a property which is not possessed by all American steamboats; but that a few of these navigating the River Hudson and Long Island Sound perform their voyages safely and regularly, at a speed which far surpasses that of any European steamer hitherto built, every impartial person, who has had an opportunity of seeing the performances of the vessels in both countries, must be ready to admit. * * * A very general opinion exists in America, in which many persons possessing the best means of information concur, that the fast steamboats in that country can be propelled at the rate of eighteen miles per hour in still water, a feat which it is said has of late been often performed."

FUEL AND MATERIALS

"In New York a 'cord,' 128 cubic feet of wood, costs about $4.85; in Albany, $3.40; on Lake Champlain, $2.40. * * * Many experiments have been made to ascertain the relative values of wood and coal as fuel for steam engines; the result of which is that about two and three-fourths cords of wood, and one ton of coal, generate, in well constructed boilers, an equal quantity of steam. * * * Anthracite coal has been more extensively worked and is much more generally used in the United States for domestic purposes than bituminous coal. * * * The quantity of coal brought from the mines to Delaware Bay during the year 1836 was no less than 696,526 tons. * * * Doctor Nott has bestowed much labor and time in constructing a boiler and fireplace suitable for anthracite coal. These have been introduced in one or two steamboats and particularly in some of the ferryboats plying in the bay of New York. This kind of coal is also burned in the locomotive engines on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway; but its application to the purpose of generating steam cannot yet be said to have assumed a more permanent character than that of an experiment.

"* * * Brick is the building material uniformly used for dwelling houses in the large towns in the United States, in most of which wooden structures are not permitted to be erected. The public edifices, however, are generally built of marble, which is found in great abundance in different parts of the country. * * * The fine timber which the country produces is much employed in all the public works, and, while it serves in some degree to compensate for the want of stone, it also affords great advantages for shipbuilding and carpentry, which have been brought to high perfection in America. * * * White cedar is considered the most durable wood in use in America. It grows to the height of 45 or 50 feet and is sometimes more than 10 feet in diameter. Locust is a hard and durable wood and is used for treenails. It exceeds 4 feet in diameter and 70 feet in height. The yellow pine is confined chiefly to the western countries and the range of the Allegheny Mountains, and the long-leaved pine is entirely confined to the Southern States. These pines are generally employed for the masts and spars of vessels. * * * There are no less than 140 species of forest trees indigenous to the United States which exceed 30 feet in height. In France and Great Britain there are about 30."

(To be concluded in Next Issue.)

Nine Digits, A Cipher and Punched Holes

(Continued from Page 118)

in the Tabulating department and learn the part each one plays in our mechanical accounting scheme.

Examine the card first because it is the basis of the punched-hole method. What is called a "diagram card"—one printed with forty-five columns of figures, as shown in the illustration, but containing no headings or division rules—is divided into "fields" to take care of a particular need, and these fields are headed with the name of the statistical item which each is to contain. After the card has been designed in this fashion and printed, it becomes known as a "form" and is designated by the number printed on its face.

The Electric Key Punch is the name of the machine which each of the twenty young women is so industriously jabbing with three nimble fingers. Its function is to record data on tabulating cards by means of punched holes, each perforation representing the figure at the position where the hole was cut, and the printed headings at the top showing in what statistical group, or class, the figures belong.

A card is placed in the carriage and then shoved to the extreme right. With each depression of a key the carriage advances until the entire card has passed the punching line. Each column on the card must contain a perforation; if no amount is to be recorded in any column then zero is punched.

The next procedure is to sort the punched cards into predetermined classifications. This is done by the Electric Sorting Machine at the phenomenal rate of 400 *cards per minute.* Or, when desired, cards are sorted by it into numerical sequence.

But the wizard of the trio is that heavy, whirring, clicking monster that unrolls, so mysteriously, finished reports—the Electric Accounting Machine. If a detailed memorandum or report is desired this machine itemizes from two to seven groups of data at the same time, at the rate of 75 cards a minute; if totals only are required it simultaneously adds the quantities and amounts of from two to five classes of information and prints the totals, at the rate of 150 cards. In other words, it is capable of making 750 *additions per minute!*

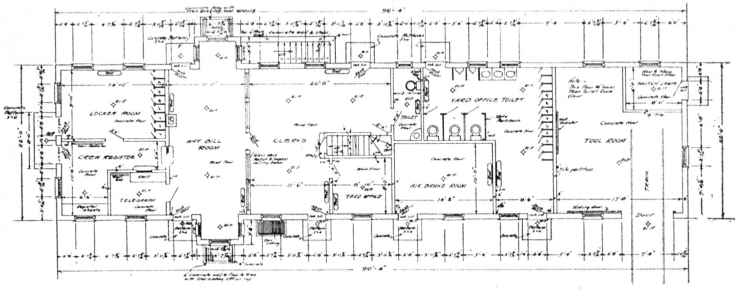
The foregoing introduction to Electric Tabulating and Accounting Machines, though brief, will acquaint the reader with that electrical equipment which has brought accounting to the realm of mechanics, and provide him or her with sufficient understanding of the punched-hole method to follow the applications which later will be given.

In order that they may acquire an insight that will give a constructive value to their participation in this new work, the Auditor of Disbursements' department extends to the officers and other supervisors of the Company a cordial invitation to call any time and ask for a demonstration of these time-shattering machines.

IF I had the opportunity to say a final word to all the young people of America, it would be this: Don't think too much about yourselves. Try to cultivate the habit of thinking of others; this will reward you. Nourish your minds by good reading, constant reading. Discover what your lifework is, work in which you can do most good, in which you can be happiest. Be unafraid in all things when you know you are in the right.—*Dr. Charles W. Eliot.*

Model Yard Office At Oneonta

(Continued from Page 119)



FIRST - FLOOR - PLAN

with the Car and Maintenance of Way departments' yard forces.

Only a meager idea of the many splendid features incorporated in the building may be had from the accompanying photograph. It is a semi-fireproof structure, a story and a half high, with basement, and at the ground line measures 22 feet by 90 feet 4 inches. Its walls are of concrete blocks, 8x8x16 inches, with half-size and jamb blocks where needed. These are the standard product of the Chateaugay Ore and Iron Company at Lyon Mountain, and are colored in the block in accordance with standard Delaware and Hudson body and trim colors. Unfading Vermont slate, 10x16 inches, laid over one thickness of tarred roofing felt, covers the roof.

All wall footings and conduits are of concrete, 1:2½:5 mix. Likewise all floors on the ground level, with the exception of those in the Clerks' and Waybill offices which are of wood of double thickness, finished in maple and waxed, are of concrete, 1:2:4 mix, poured in a four-inch course on top of a bed of well rammed cinders and covered with a one-inch coat, 1:2 mix, trowled to a smooth surface.

Study of the floor plan will show just how well the space has been apportioned. The building parallels the main tracks and a transverse arrangement of the rooms affords an entrance from either side. The only exceptions to this rule are those of an entrance to the lamp room at the north end of the building and the entrances to the register room and locker room at the south end, all of which are from the ends of the building.

The extreme north end of the building is occupied by the Maintenance of Way department as a tool room. Entrance is by a sliding door, 7 feet 4 inches wide, at the east side. A track for hand car use extends from near the main track through this entrance. Set off from this room by 4-inch tile partitions, and with the only entry from the outside at the end of the building, is the switch lamp room, 6x8 feet, of fireproof design.

Adjoining the tool room, is the lavatory and locker room equipped with twelve single tier steel lockers of the latest improved design and modern toilet facilities. A room, 14 feet 2 inches at the front of the building and 10 feet deep, has been set off, in part, from this section for the use of the yard air brake foreman.

The Clerks' room and Waybill room, separated by a partition the upper half of which is of glass to facilitate the lighting scheme, are next in order. The Clerks' room is 20 feet 8 inches on the west side and 11 feet 6 inches on the east side, the difference in space having been devoted to the General Yardmaster's private office which is 8x8 feet 10 inches. The Waybill room is eleven feet deep and its width is greater by two bay windows, 3 feet 8 inches over all, one on each side, than that of any other part of the building. The width of these projections is 6 feet 7 inches over all. Directly off this room, on the east side, is the telegraph office.

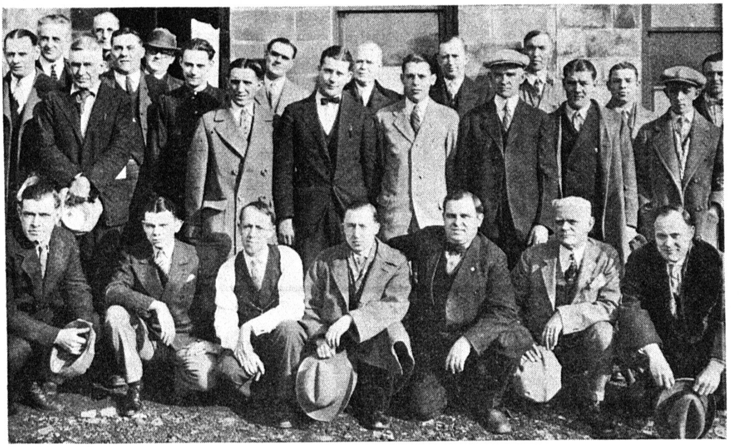
The south end of the building is divided into a locker room and a crew register room. Entrance to these is from the end of the building which arrangement constitutes a safety factor in that members of train crews in their haste may not step from a doorway directly upon any track. Communication with the personnel of the Way bill or Clerks' rooms, or with the telegraph operator, is carried on through two windows conveniently arranged in the register room and ample facilities for the preparation of reports and other paper work required of conductors are also available. The locker room is equipped with eight lockers that are exact duplicates of those in the lavatory room.

The basement contains the heating units, a hot water boiler and a smaller heater for use in connection with the tank that serves the lavatory rooms.

Stairs to the second floor which has been finished in keeping with the scheme of interior decoration and equipped as a record room, lead from the Clerks' office.

Cheery, indeed, are the offices. Large windows admit a maximum amount of daylight, while for night use electric lights of sufficient voltage have been carefully arranged. All interior trim is of cypress finished in the natural wood, and all partitions and ceilings, which are covered with sheet rock over which two coats of hard wall plaster have been trowled, are painted in light contrasting colors. All plastered angles are protected by metal corner guards and generally an atmosphere of permanence prevails. New furniture throughout, window shades and other office accessories add their bit of attractiveness.

Everybody is proud of the building. Not alone is this confined to the office personnel, but admiration of it prevails among the yard and road crews and is expressed by all others whose work brings them there. A disposition to preserve its attractiveness promises to make it a wholesome and pleasant place to work for years to come.



The Happy Force

Front row (left to right)—Wallace A. Mahon, day yardmaster (north bound); Frank J. Nolan, record clerk; Lee L. Firman, location clerk; Roscoe Burdick, bill clerk; Edward J. Stack, yardmaster (Hog's Back); John W. Nolan, general yardmaster; S. Howard Sexton, night yardmaster (Hog's Back).

Second row (left to right)—J. Floyd Baldwin, day yardmaster (Fonda Avenue); Willard H. James, night general yardmaster; Joseph P. Gibbons, clerk; Harlow Bender, bill clerk; Carlos V. Perry, day yardmaster (south bound); and Fred Sinstack and Walter Perry, car checkers.

Back row (left to right)—James D. Johnson, night yardmaster (south bound); Floyd Cummings, reconsigning clerk; Herbert W. Schoonmaker, bill clerk; J. Henry Martial, telegrapher; Louis S. Darling, bill clerk; Kenneth D. Shaw, car checker; Winfred E. Brown, chief clerk; J. F. Boland, night yardmaster (Fonda Avenue); Thomas F. Buston, night yardmaster (north bound); Hammond Parish and Edward Chappell, bill clerks; and Jesse F. Collins, car checker.

Rogers' Rock

ONE of the most picturesque and interesting of the many delightful spots that make Lake George the mecca of thousands of of tourists each year, is the highland near the north end of the lake. For several miles immediately to the south, the mountains and hills recede from the shore affording a glimpse of fair fields and verdant woods. On approaching the end of the lake, however, Bald Mountain or Rogers' Rock, on the west shore, is seen to rear its ponderous bulk of granite to an almost perpendicular height of 1,100 feet, being matched by a somewhat similar bulk and height on the east shore a half-mile away. Rogers' Rock is marked by a barren slope, rich in Indian lore, that seldom fails to attract profound attention and the particular incident that made it famous long, long years ago, is recounted by one historian much as follows:

"Captain Robert Rogers, a native of New Hampshire, raised and commanded Rogers' Rangers, who acquired a great reputation in the vicinity of Lake George during the French and Indian War. In 1756, with Fort William Henry as a base of operations, he made thirteen daring raids into the country around Ticonderoga. On one of his scouting expeditions, in March, 1758, he was pursued by Indians from Ticonderoga, and coming to the crest of the mountain at the lower end of Lake George, at a point where it sloped almost precipitately down to the ice, he took off his pack and allowed it to slide down through the snow. Then putting his snowshoes on backwards, he descended by another route. The Indians on coming up, believed he had been met by another on the summit, and that they had fought and rolled down the cliff together, onto the ice below, but while gazing they saw the form of Rogers a mile away, but considering him under special protection of the Great Spirit, they made no further pursuit. The precipice has since been known as Rogers' Rock. His name is also perpetuated in an island in the Hudson river, opposite Fort Edward, where a blockhouse once stood and troops were encamped."

An "Horatio Allen" Prediction

On June 30, 1828, Horatio Allen, writing from Liverpool, England, to John Bolton, President of The Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, said "in canal making we are, to say the least, on a par with this country, and the time is not far distant when we shall not be behind in anything.'"

Veterans to Dance, April 20

WITH he announcement of the third annual dance of The Delaware and Hudson Veterans' Association on the Susquehanna division, which is to be held in the State Armory at Oneonta, on Wednesday evening, April 20, is conveyed the Veterans' guarantee of one of the best evenings you have ever had the pleasure of enjoying. You and your friends are cordially welcomed to attend. W. C. GURNEY is chairman of the committee on arrangements.

Guided by past experiences, nothing is being left undone that may in any way contribute its bit of pleasure and satisfaction. The Ladies' Auxiliary will serve refreshments, there will be music by a 10-piece orchestra of splendid repute, and through the courtesy of the Management a special train will leave Albany at 5:30 p. m., and returning will leave Oneonta at 1:30 a. m., stopping en route to receive and discharge passengers wherever desired. Those residing south of Oneonta will find trains Nos. 309 and 311 northbound and 312 southbound, most convenient.

Natural Gas

NATURAL gas is generally found in connection with crude oil and occurs in two different forms. What is known as casing-head gas is discharged from oil wells with the oil. This gas contains from one to three gallons of gasoline per thousand cubic feet and after the gasoline has been recovered by passing the gas through oil-absorption plants, the resulting dry gas has a calorific value of about 1,200 B.t.u. per cubic foot. The other form is known as dry gas and comes from gas bearing sands located above the oil sands. It contains no gasoline. Its heat content is approximately 985 B.t.u. per cubic foot. The so-called rock pressures of these sands vary from 300 to 5,000 pounds per square inch.—*Power.*

INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID
MARCH, 1927

Death benefits	$24,200
Health benefits	10,674
Accident benefits	876
Accidental Death and Dismemberment benefits	4,200
Total and Permanent Disability benefits	412
Total benefits	$40,362

Clicks from the Rails

Study Locomotive Whistle

Study of the locomotive whistle is being made on the Canadian National Railways, with a view to better developing its efficiency. The suggestion of Mrs. F. L. C. Bond, wife of the General Superintendent of the Canadian National, that the audibility of the whistle at grade crossings would be increased if the whistle were removed from its age-old position just ahead of the cab and placed on the front end of the engine, is the reason. Trainmen contend differently, however, arguing that such an arrangement would make it more difficult for them to hear the sounding of the whistle in acknowledgment of their air signals.

* * *

Pay $4,532, 839 in Benefits

Membership in the Pennsylvania Railroad System's Voluntary Relief Department at the close of 1926, totaled 199,406 employes, an increase of 5,679 over the preceding year. Benefits paid during the year out of dues receipts, aggregated $4,532,839. In addition, superannuation allowances, totaling $656,658, were paid to pensioned employes who were members of the department, constituting additional income and supplementing their pension. Assets on hand at the end of the year totalled $6,679,651.

* * *

A Boycott of Fifty Years Ago

In its column "Looking Backward," the *Railway Age* quotes from its issue of February 15, 1877, this interesting item:

"The village of Louisville, Ohio, on the Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago, recently passed an ordinance restricting the speed of all trains through the village limits to four miles an hour. The company retaliated by discontinuing the sale of tickets to that station, and not allowing any passengers to be taken on there."

* * *

Forty-one thousand employes of the Pennsylvania Railroad, including practically everyone in the General Office in Philadelphia who is eligible for membership under the twenty-one year rule, belong to the Veterans' Association.

Seeks Data on "Side-sway"

T. H. Symington of Baltimore, Md., who has long been engaged in scientific study of car designs, is now interested in developing a testing plant "designed to afford not only accurate information concerning the effect of side-sway, but also data on the effect of longitudinal oscillation or 'galloping' and the vertical vibration of the car due to periodic compression of the springs on the vertical reactions of wheels and rails."

"While tests such as he proposes would develop a large amount of information that would be fruitful of improvements in car design," says the *Railway Age,* "it would also afford an opportunity for obtaining some pertinent facts concerning the effect which the behavior of cars in service imposes on the track structure."

* * *

Terms Himself a "Bump" Collector

Hobbies are strange "creatures," indeed. For instance, David B. Fetters, a Pennsylvania railroad trackman, calls himself a "bump collector," as the result of having gotten together a collection of several hundred photographs that cover every big railroad wreck in the United States in thirty-five years. "I get as much enjoyment from my pictures as others from their bugs or stamps," he declares.

* * *

Fire Threatens Old Coach

Fire recently threatened the destruction of the old broad-gauge coach that for a number of years has occupied a conspicuous site near the Erie passenger station at Susquehanna, Pa. Adjoining the coach is the old Erie caboose that served as a pilot house on a ship used by Commodore Peary on one of his North Pole expeditions.

* * *

Bermuda to Have a Railroad

Bermuda Island is to have its first railroad. It will be of single track, twenty-four miles long, and will cost $2,000,000. Automobiles were excluded from the island in 1908 and since then horse-drawn vehicles and boats have been its sole means of transportation.

Boy Caused B. R. & P. Wreck

A six-year-old boy, fascinated by the mechanism of a switch in the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh yards at Salamanca, N. Y., was responsible for the wreck of a passenger train on February 21, last, in which the engineer lost his life, according to an Associated Press dispatch. No action was taken against the boy, but an effort to determine who was responsible for leaving the switch unlocked is being made.

* * *

Oldest Woman Station Agent

Miss Minnie H. Smith, of Zumbro Falls, Minn., sixty-four years old, is reputed to be the oldest woman station agent and telegrapher in the country. When fifteen years old she began work with the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul as agent at Hammond, Minn., and has remained continuously with the company.

* * *

Veterans Have Large Membership

Forty-two Veteran employe associations on the Pennsylvania Lines have a membership of 45,000. Eligibiliy for membership is based on service of twenty-one years or more. The General Office association, in Philadelphia, alone, has a membership of about 2,100.

* * *

80 Degrees, "Flash Point"

A flash point of 80 degrees Fahrenheit has been established by the Bureau of Explosives as the dividing line between inflammable and non-inflammable liquids, those having a flash point below 80 degrees Fahrenheit being classed as inflammable.

* * *

For thirty-eight years William U. Phillips of Elmira, N. Y., telegrapher on the Elmira division of the Pennsylvania Lines, has worked the same trick, in the same office and at the same desk.

* * *

Employes of Class One railways totaled 1,827,954 on November 15, last, and the pay-roll for the same group of roads in the same month was $252,494,496.

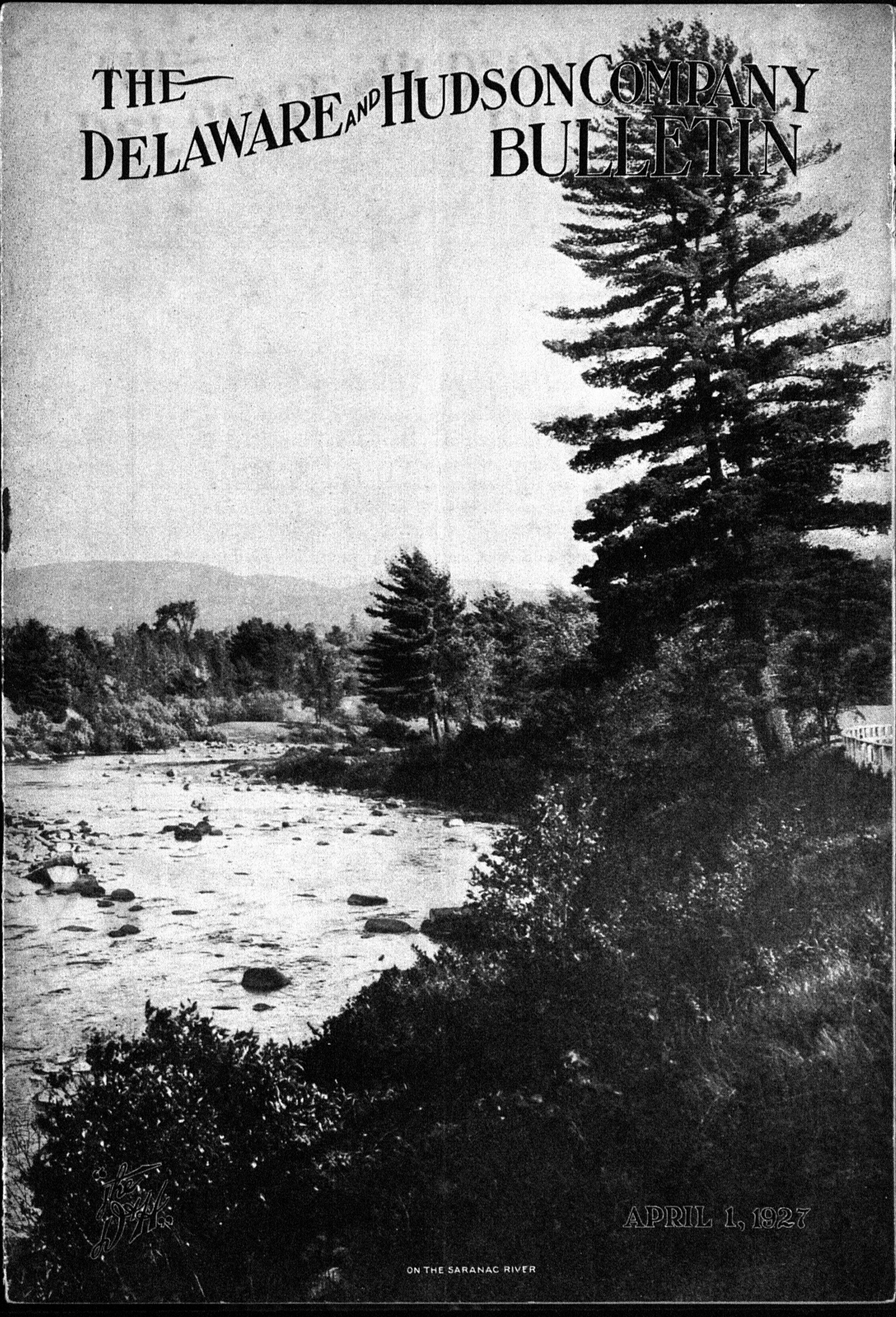
WHO IS IT?

By GRACE M. FRAME

WHO is it never had a chance,
Whose business never shows advance,
Who blames the world, when he's to blame,
Who seeks an easy, ready fame?
The rainbow chaser, the blower of bubbles,
The man who's always finding troubles —
Who is he? It's plain to see —
The poor excuse man!
The "What's the use?" man!
The most obtuse man!
That's he.

Who is it always makes advance,
Whose eye is peeled to every chance,
Who seizes opportunity,
(The same that comes to you and me),
Who has no time or wish to blame
The world that bids him "Make a name?"
Who never seeks the rainbow's end
But rather seeks to help a friend,
Who wastes no time in blowing air
Hot or cold, in bubbles rare
That never gets him anywhere?
Who is he? It's plain to see —
The keen, alert man!
The never shirk man!
The willing workman!
That's he.

THE DELAWARE AND HUDSON COMPANY BULLETIN



APRIL 1, 1927

ON THE SARANAC RIVER

Thrift Is Blessed

WE ALL want riches but incline to waste and indulgence, which always menace and frequently destroy success. Thrift both builds and preserves good fortune.

The joys of thrift are known only to the thrifty. Wealth comes and goes, except when nourished by thrift. The rewards it yields, if combined by good principles and good taste, include security, comfort, self-respect, power, influence, standing, authority, consideration, precedence, and many other things great and small.

The habit of thrift brings money and property to the man who practises it. He lives within his income, saves constantly, invests prudently. His industry never lags. He always has what the unthinking call "good luck." Year after year his store increases. Fear of poverty is banished. He lives in plenty. The desire to spend which torments so many who have little to spend, does not bother him; for with the prosperity his thrift brings he learns true values and comes to know and dislike waste, indulgence, and every form of extravagance.

The habit of thrift robs of no proper pleasure, clouds no worthy outlook, narrows no life, hampers no laudable purpose. On the contrary, for the sound character it adds immensely to the joys of existense, widens every prospect for usefulness and honor, broadens the horizon of opportunity, and makes possible the realization of lofty aspirations. And with it goes from its humblest beginnings a contentment, a sense of well-being, a consciousness of right conduct, a confidence in both present and future, which no prodigal, no waster, no idler, no crook, however talented, can ever feel or know. Verily, thrift is blessed.

—Adapted from the "Chicago Journal of Commerce."

"the D&H" The DELAWARE AND HUDSON COMPANY "the D&H"
BULLETIN
Vol. 7 Albany, N. Y., April 1, 1927 No. 7

Of Pioneer Railroad Stock

Father and Grandfather of Plattsburg Veteran Helped to Build the First Railroad in that Section of the Country

TEMPERED by the strictest form of home discipline, bred to hard work, and having experienced a full quota of life's trials and tribulations—these are some of the things that teach men just what it means to live.

"Oh, I know what it means to live, all right," observes JOHN W. HALEY, of Robinson Terrace, Plattsburg, N. Y., and his philosophy on life, his dry humor, and his esteem for those with whom he has been associated serve to bear him out in his somewhat broad assertion.

JOHN W. HALEY

He comes of rugged pioneer stock. His mother left her home in Ireland at the age of fourteen and made her way to this country alone, settling in Canada where for five years she was employed by a farmer at one dollar a month, working in the fields as well as in the house and barn. From Ireland also came his father, a year or two later, and he made his way direct to Plattsburg, then on the northern frontier, via the Hudson river from New York City to Albany, thence by canal boat to Whitehall, and completed the last lap of his journey on the old lake steamer "Saltus," in command of Captain Lott Chamberlain.

Frontier land was cheap in those days, because it was virtually inaccessible from a transportation standpoint. Lake Champlain and the country roads that had been none too well constructed, were the only routes leading into that rugged wilderness. The discovery of iron ore, with which that country abounds, was followed by a rush of prospectors and other people, and then came the railroad with the result that the north country is what we know it to be today.

Having been employed at railroad work continually for forty-two years and three months it naturally interests him more than anything else, with the one exception of his home, perhaps. Consequently, it is with a display of evident pride that he points to the fact that his father and his grandfather built the stone abutments for the first railroad bridge, a rather crude wooden structure, over the Saranac river at Plattsburg. This was "dry" work, no mortar being used, but it remained firmly in place until removed for more modern construction about twenty years ago.

He was born in Miller street, Plattsburg, at its juncture with Elm, although the latter had not then been cut through, October 10, 1865. His father was Dennis Haley, a section boss in the employ of the Company for forty-five years. There were three other children—a son and two daughters, and the latter now occupy the old homestead on which the family has paid taxes for sixty-seven years.

Discipline of puritanical strictness was exacted by the father and mother. Their word was the law. Even when he had attained young manhood and was contributing to the support of the home, no exception was made. Nine o'clock was the hour for retiring and woe to the one who was not in the house at that hour. This sort of discipline was not alone peculiar to his home, but was more or less typical of the neighborhood.

Some of his recollections of early Plattsburg are most interesting. When he first knew it, its six or eight hundred residents were widely scattered. In those days the old town hall that stood in Court House square was the only voting place for the entire community. The first kerosene oil sold for forty cents a gallon and was very explosive. Little of it was used at first and very vividly he recalls his mother at her work getting the evening meal by the light of a burning pine sliver which she carried about in one hand, and how his father, when the day's work was over, would spend the evening making candles.

During the panic of 1870-71, his father was earning but eighty cents a day. At that time there were five in the family and with flour at $12 a barrel and other prices proportionately high it was indeed a struggle to get along. Somehow or another his parents managed to provide plenty of good food and warm clothing at all times and the family never really suffered any hardships in these respects.

Until he was ten years old, he took a great interest in his studies and stood well in school, he says. But he was ambitious to prosper, to help his father, and to dress like other boys with whom he was growing up. The problems of home financing were table topics with which he early became familiar with the result that he felt a duty of responsibility in the matter.

About that time, his father never having received an education so far as schools were concerned, he began to help him with his paper work. He kept the time book, made out the monthly reports and wrote the necessary letters. During the summer of 1878, he took his place among other section men engaged in moving the Au Sable main to make room for the Plattsburg and Dannemora railroad then in the building. Then for a couple of years he worked extra as needed and at other times assisted his father in ways for which he could claim no remuneration.

On May 10, 1880 he again entered the service. This time he became a water-boy for ROBERT LOOBY, now retired and living also in Plattsburg. LOOBY'S title of " track supervisor " was something of a misnomer for he also served as conductor on the work train used by him, did all his own hiring and all his own engineering work. Of LOOBY, he says: " He was certainly one ' heman '; the Company never had a better one."

Although associated with track work back almost as far as he can recall, he was " quite big " before he saw a blue print of any kind or description. He helped to fill in the space in front of the present passenger station at Plattsburg, as well as assist in making the necessary excavation for its foundation. As he recalls it now, no less than 500 spruce piles, twenty or twenty-five feet in length by ten or twelve inches in diameter, were driven and across the tops of these the necessary timbers were framed.

Before the road was completed to Whitehall, however, the trains ran to the old freight house near the docks, which was destroyed by fire in 1885. Then when the road was built into Montreal a one-story station building was erected, just east of the Foquet House. In later years it was acquired by Jack Vogel, a big German, and torn down.

He stayed with LOOBY until the tenth or twelfth of August, when, due to slack work, he was laid off. His enforced idleness was of only short duration, however, for he soon found employment at fifty cents a day of twelve hours, in the Isham Wagon Works, where carriages for the use of representatives of the Singer Sewing Machine Company were being built. For ten years all the wagons used by the Singer Company, and another manufacturer of similar machines, were built in Plattsburg, and sold at $100 to $125 each. While employed there he suffered the loss of the index finger of his right hand.

Back to the railroad he went again, this time to shovel snow, and it was the next spring, or on May 1, 1881, to be more exact, that he began his long career which did not terminate until August 1,1923, when he retired on pension. In the meantime he worked in various capacities such as laborer, gateman, brakeman, switch-tender, and lastly, and for ten years, as a crossing watchman at the Lorrain and Margaret street crossings in Plattsburg. He was the first employe to serve as a yard clerk in Plattsburg. At first the yardmaster was obliged to do all the paperwork, but as business increased this at last became impossible. When he was given that position, the yard office, a small square building used also by cross-

(Concluded on Page 108)

Gold Reserves

Contrary to Other Beliefs, Our Gold Reserves Have Increased by a Smaller Percentage Than Those of Any Other Country, Except Germany

THERE have been so many statements, from time to time, regarding this country's gold reserves that one gets the impression the United States has absorbed all of the gold of the world.

The following table shows the gold reserves of note-issuing banks and of the governments of the United States and of various foreign countries in 1913, and at the present time:

	1913	1926	Per cent of Increase
United States	$1,924,361,000	$4,547,000,000	136
Germany	278,000,000	280,000,000	7
England	170,000,000	757,000,000	345
Holland	60,000,000	202,000,000	237
Spain	92,000,000	489,000,000	432
Norway Sweden Denmark	59,000,000	150,000,000	154

The total gold reserves of the world in 1913 were $5,421,248,000 and at the close of 1924 were $9,379,368,000, an increase of approximately 73 per cent. The only countries in which the reserves of gold are materially less than before the war are France, Russia and the countries formerly inincluded in Austria-Hungary.

The change in population of the above countries, comparing 1926 with 1913, has been as follows:

	1913	1926	Per cent of Increase
United States	91,972,267	113,493,720	23
Germany	64,903,423	62,500,000	_4_*
England	34,047,659	35,678,530	5
Holland	5,898,429	7,086,913	20
Spain	19,503,008	21,763,147	12
Norway Sweden Denmark	10,364,799	12,036,534	16

Italic figures denote decrease.

It will be noted that, although the population of the United States has increased more rapidly than that of any other country, its gold reserves, except for Germany, have increased by a smaller percentage than those of any other country. The gold reserves per capita of population at the present time are as follows:

	Gold Reserves 1926	Population 1926	Gold Reserves Per Capita of Population
United States	$4,547,000,000	113,493,720	$40
Germany	280,000,000	62,500,000	4
England	757,000,000	35,678,530	21
Holland	202,000,000	7,086,913	29
Spain	489,000,000	21,763,147	22
Norway Sweden Denmark	150,000,000	12,036,534	12

(Concluded on Next Page)

When one takes into consideration the wide territory over which business is conducted in this country, with its effect on the rapidity of exchange, the high wages paid here (approximately two and one-half times higher than in Europe) and the standard of our living (at least twice as high as in most European countries), all of which make a great demand for the use of money, it would look as though our stock of gold is not very much, if at all, out of proportion to that held by other countries.

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* Germany's loss in population is due to loss of territory—Alsace-Lorraine and about one-third of Poland's present area.

Interesting Pension Roll Data

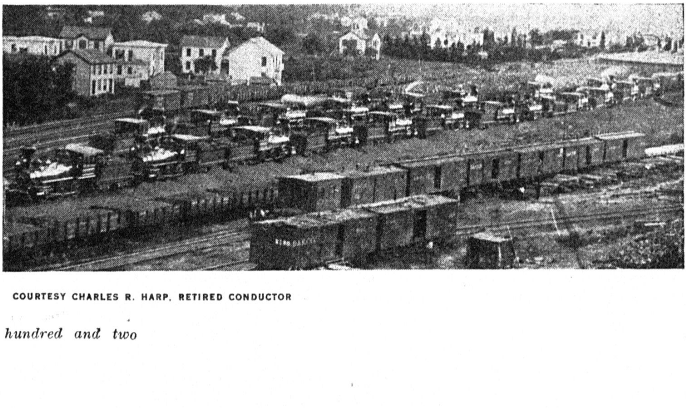
THIRTY-THREE Veterans with a total service of 1,329½ years, were retired on pension during 1926, their applications having been accorded the necessary approval of the Board of Managers. Twenty were from the Transportation department, six from the Maintenance of Way, three each from the Car and Motive Power, and one from the Engineering. The average age of these men was sixty-eight years and six months, and their average service, thirty-nine years and five months.

THOMAS D. WINN, of Carbondale, a locomotive engineer on the Pennsylvania division, with fifty-five years and six months, held the record for length of service, while seven, altogther, had served the Company in excess of fifty years each and nineteen had individual credits of more than forty years. In point of age, ROBERT J. WILBER, of Oneonta, a car repairer, was the oldest, he being eighty-two years and nine months.

Thirty-one pensioned employes died during the year and their average age was sixty-nine years and four months, and their average service, thirty-six years and five months.

Of the 250 Veterans on the pension roll, forty-four have records of fifty years or more of service, while the longest individual record, that of fifty-nine years and one month, is held by GEORGE DIMOCK, of Carbondale, a former locomotive engineer on the Pennsylvania division. The average age of this group increased from sixty-six years and five months in 1925 to sixty-seven years and four months in 1926, but the average length of service showed a decline from thirty-nine years and five months in 1925, to thirty-eight years and seven months in 1926.

Oneonta Yard In 1884



COURTESY CHARLES R. HARP, RETIRED CONDUCTOR

Civil Engineering In America

Interesting Facts Gathered by David Stevenson, and Published by Him Following a Visit to This Country in 1838, Are Here Related

IN the year 1838, David Stevenson, a distinguished engineer, spent some three months in eastern North America examining objects of the greatest importance to men of his calling, and, upon his return, published a book, "Sketch of Civil Engineering in North America," from which the following has been abstracted as of interest to our readers:

HARBORS

"The American packet ships trading between New York and the ports of London, Liverpool and Havre are generally allowed to be the finest class of merchant vessels at present navigating the ocean. * * * I found that accommodations for vessels of great burden had been obtained in so satisfactory a manner, and at so small an expense, as could not fail to strike with astonishment all who have seen the enormously costly docks of London and Liverpool and the stupendous asylum harbors of Plymouth, Kingstown and Cherbourg. * * * But when we come to inquire into the reasons for this difference between the construction of the European and American harbors, they soon become apparent and satisfactory. The difficulties and expense encountered in the formation of most European harbors have arisen chiefly from the necessity of constructing works of a sufficient strength to withstand the violence of a raging sea, to which they are in general exposed, or in obtaining a sufficient depth of water, by the construction of docks or other means, to enable the vessels frequenting them to lie afloat at all times of tide. * * * The Americans, on the contrary, among the numerous large bays and sounds by which their coasts are indented, have the choice of situations for their harbors, perfectly defended from the surge of the ocean, where their largest vessels lie afloat at all times of tide within a few paces of the warehouse doors. * * * The only graving docks are those for the use of the navy at Boston, Massachusetts, and Norfolk, Virginia. The cylinder and ram of the particular apparatus which I saw were made in England, at the works of Messrs. Boulton and Watt. * * * The large suburb called Brooklyn occupies the shore of Long Island, directly opposite to New York. A continuous communication is kept up between it and New York by means of numerous steamboats, which cross every five minutes, adding greatly to the bustle and confusion of this busy and crowded part of the harbor, but the spirited inhabitants have had designs under consideration for connecting the opposite shores by means of a bridge, and also by the formation of a tunnel passing under the bed of the river. * * *"

LAKE NAVIGATION

"In 1824 the Canadians, assisted by the British Government, commenced the construction of the Welland Canal, by which a free passage between the lakes is now afforded for vessels of 125 tons burden. Five years was occupied in its construction and its cost was $1,309,500. * * * The whole line of coast formed by the margins of the five great lakes extends to upwards of 4,000 statute miles. Every idea connected with a *fresh-water lake* must be laid aside in considering the different subjects connected with these vast inland sheets of water, which, in fact, in their general appearance, and in the phenomena which influence their navigation, bear a much closer resemblance to the ocean. * * * It was not until 1818 that lighthouses were erected, of which there are now 25, besides 30 beacons and bouys, which have been found of the greatest service. * * * From Buffalo, with a population of 16,000, between 40 and 50 steamboats, varying from 200 to 700 tons register, constantly ply to the several points on the shores of the lakes from the month of June till the month of December, inclusive. * * * The center of the lakes attains a considerable depth and is not frozen, but a vast sheet of ice is annually formed round their margins, which effectually puts a stop to navigation. * * * The only other body of fresh water in North America demanding attention is Lake Champlain, which lies nearly north and south, dividing the States of Vermont and New York. It is about 150 miles in length, and measures 14 miles at the point where it attains its greatest breadth. The banks of the lake are generally low and marshy, and for about 20 miles, at its southern extremity, it assumes the appearance of a river, hardly affording sufficient space to permit a vessel to turn. The lake is navigable throughout its whole extent for vessels drawing five feet of water,

(Concluded on Page 106)

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BULLETIN

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Vol. 7 April 1, 1927 **No. 7**

A Laudable Profession

CAREERS are chosen, either wisely or unwisely. Few are the result of mere chance. Inclinations, environments and certain advantages like education, are factors of influence, quite naturally. Few people, it may be said, continue long in a work in which they find no incentive or have no interest. Continued failure to find these qualities accounts, in part at least, for our itinerant class of workers. The itinerant, of course, lacks a definite goal.

* * *

Permanent employment eliminates worry.

The possibility of permanent employment eliminates for the worker one element of worry. What profession promises greater permancy in this respect than does that of railroading? For one hundred years, now, railroad development has progressed steadily, and the end is not yet. To one of open mind there can be no doubt but that the future holds in store equally as much as has been revealed in the past. And it will take men, and some women possibly, to point the way. What a wonderful opportunity!

* * *

A right to be proud.

Furthermore, railroad folk are entitled to be proud of their profession. With one exception, that of agriculture, it has the greatest following of any. It has a wonderful history, also. The part the railroads have played in the development of the United States is unique. Only as its railroads conquered new country, did it grow. Its cities are on the railroads. So are its larger industries. Its railroads have been and still are its backbone. We have evidence of all of this on our own road. At every hand we can see just how it has benefited every section of the country it serves.

* * *

May we not be negligent.

It is, indeed, our privilege to be proud of our profession. No group of workers is rendering a greater public service. The public depends upon *us*. All this is true, but we should not forget that we also depend upon the public. Every parcel of freight and every passenger is vital to the permanence of our profession. We cannot afford to lose either. Joining hands with Management in its effort to render a service of unsurpassable efficiency is the duty of every railroad man and woman. It is the only way to protect our individual interests. May we not be guilty of negligence in this respect.

A Railroader's Toast

By WILLIAM C. BROADWELL

THE railroad man may bear a hard name, and look rough and black and greasy,
But where on earth do you find a man who takes his life more easy?
Just keep in mind 'tis not the clothes that make a man great or smart;
For oft beneath the grease and dirt beats many a noble heart.

With all their fun and many faults, you will find but very few
Who earn their bread upon the road and do not prove "true blue;"
So look not on a railroad man as one of the worst of sinners—
Remember there will be a day when he'll have a chance with the winners.

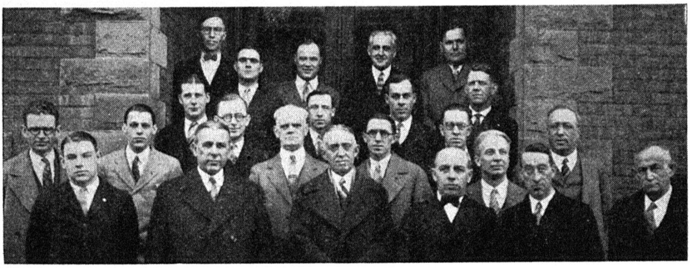
So hold against us nothing bad; speak well if speak you might—
Tear out the "green," pull down the "red," we'll travel on pure "white;"
Remember that on "pay day" I'll drink this toast with you—
May you and all who are on the road have health, wealth, fun and love
And may you never get a "white" when it should be "red bug."

—*Contributed by* O. B. COLLINS, *Clerk, Divisional Car Foreman's Office, Colonie.*

Savings

SAVINGS represent much more than mere money value. They are the proof that the saver is worth something in himself. Any fool can waste; any fool can muddle; but it takes something more of a man to save and the more he saves the more of a man he makes of himself. Waste and extravagance unsettle a man's mind for every crisis; thrift, which means some form of self restraint, steadies it.—RUDYARD KIPLING.

First Transportation First Aid Class



TWENTY-ONE employes of the Transportation department at Oneonta, enjoy the unique distinction of being members of the first strictly Transportation First Aid class ever organized by representatives of our Safety department. With the hearty approval of M. F. LEAMY, division superintendent, and the cooperation of H. D. LEWIS, trainmaster J. W. NOLAN, general yardmaster, arranged the various details whereby the personnel of the class not only represents all sections of the yard but covers, as well, the entire twenty-four hours of a day. Class instruction is given weekly in the Y. M. C. A. rooms in Broad street, by R. C. HELWIG, safety agent for the Susquehanna and Pennsylvania divisions.

The members of the class, as they appear in the photograph above, are as follows:

FRONT ROW (left to right)—E. CHAPPELL, inside desk clerk; M. F. LEAMY, superintendent; H. D. LEWIS, trainmaster; O. D. GERMOND, freight house clerk; E. KNISKERN, caller; and A. P. BISHOP, freight house foreman.

SECOND ROW (left to right)—R. C. HELWIG, safety agent; H. M. BENDER, outside car checker; T. F. BUSTON, assistant yardmaster; J. W. NOLAN, general yardmaster; W. H. JAMES, night yardmaster; F. BEDFORD, yard conductor; B. R. BATES, extra car checker; and W. F. TAMSETT, yard conductor.

THIRD ROW (left to right)—J. P. GIBBONS, yard clerk; R. BURDICK, inside desk clerk; H. T. POWELL, yard conductor; and F. W. ADAMS, yard trainman.

FOURTH ROW (left to right)—H. B. PARRISH, inside desk clerk; W. E. BROWN, chief clerk; S. H. SEXTON, assistant yardmaster; F. CUMMINGS, reconsigning clerk; and A. W. MORSE, yard conductor.

J. F. BOLAND, assistant yardmaster, also is a member of the class.

To a Railroad Train at Night

By ANGELA MORGAN

TRAIN, with your long white flying feather
in the moon-glow,
You are young love, keeping its tryst with delight,
You are rapture, speeding across the night.
Train, with your pulses pounding,
You are ambition, radiant, resounding;
You are the shout of the soul's first divination,
The heart's great acclamation.
Pushing ahead to the teeming town's fruition,
You are the harnessed will, the piercing intuition.
Sparks from your passion painting the midnight
sky,
Looking neither to right nor left as you race by.
You are the Great Adventurer flying to greet the
day;
You are the mind's electric purpose trained to the
narrow way;
You are determination, ardent, single-hearted,
Seeing no track but yours, no other goal, no
turning.
Train, with your headlight burning,
You are human yearning!

Civil Engineering In America

(Continued from Page 103)

and several fine steamboats ply on it while navigation is open. The principal towns on its shores are St. Johns, Plattsburg, Ticonderoga, Whitehall and Burlington, at which last place the steamboats for its navigation are built. It is connected with the river Hudson by the Champlain Canal, but it discharges its surplus water in the St. Lawrence by the river Richelieu, called also the Sorel, on which the towns St. Denis, St. Charles, and Sorel are situated. The chief trade of Lake Champlain consists of exporting iron ore and timber; the iron is sent to New York by canal, and the timber to the St. Lawrence by the river Richelieu. Its waters are exceedingly pure, and are subject, during the wet seasons of the year, to great augmentation. The Captain of the vessel by which I traveled informed me that, in the spring of 1816, when the snow was leaving the ground, the surface of the lake rose to the height of nine feet above its summer level. Its navigation, like that of the other lakes, is suspended for five months in the year by ice, and transport is carried on during that period by sledges, which run on its surface. * * *"

River Navigation

"The rivers of North America are no less interesting features than her inland sounds and lakes. * * * It is impossible to convey to the reader an adequate idea of these vast bodies of moving water, or to describe the feelings the traveller experiences when, for instance, after crossing the Allegheny Mountains, and completing the fatiguing land journey from the eastern coast of several hundred miles into the interior of the country, he first comes in sight of the Ohio river at Pittsburg. Here, in the very heart of the continent of North America, the appearance of a large shipping port, containing a fleet of thirty or forty steamers moored in the river, cannot fail to surprise him; and his astonishment is not a little increased if he chances to witness the arrival of one of these steamers, whose approach is announced long before it makes its appearance by the roaring of its steam, and the volumes of smoke and fire which are vomited from its funnels; but his wonder only attains its height when he is told that this same vessel has come direct from New Orleans, in the Gulf of Mexico, and that fifteen days and nights have been occupied in making this inland voyage, of no less than two thousand miles, among the meanderings of the Mississippi and Ohio.

"* * * The Hudson rises in the neighborhood of Lake Champlain, and, pursuing an almost straight course of about 250 miles in a southerly direction, flows into the sea at the City of New York. Although that portion of the Hudson which is strictly a river, or in which the tide does not act, is by no means so remarkable for its size as many others in the United States, yet it is very interesting to the traveller, as well on account of the beauty of its scenery as the importance and extent of its trade; and in this respect it holds a very high rank among the American rivers. It passes through a beautiful and sheltered tract of country, and the populous towns of Newburg, Hudson, Albany and Troy, and the military college at West Point stand on its banks. The produce of the large State of New York and the great western lakes, as well as the imports for the supply of an extensive and populous district of the United States are borne to and from the harbor of New York by the Hudson, and a large fleet of vessels is constantly engaged in its navigation. This river is navigable, for ships of large burden, to the town of Hudson, about 120 miles from New York, and for vessels of smaller draught of water to Troy, about 44 miles further. By means of the Erie, Oswego and Champlain Canals, it is connected with Lakes Erie, Ontario and Champlain. A large part of the trade of the river Hudson is carried on by sailing vessels of about 150 tons burden, having a great breadth of beam, and carrying masts of from 90 to 100 feet in height. These vessels, being dependent on the state of the winds, make tedious and uncertain voyages; but many of them, notwithstanding the introduction of steam navigation, still enliven the river scenery with their white sails. The transport of goods, however, is now more generally carried on in large barges, towed by steamers which are exclusively devoted to this trade, as passengers go only by the larger and swifter boats built expressly for the purpose. The current of the Hudson is said to average about two and one-half miles an hour, and the influence of the tide extends as far as Albany, 150 miles from New York. The only obstacle to navigation occurs a little below Albany, where there is a considerable shoal, called the Overslaugh, caused by several small islands lying in the fairway of the river. It is, however, at present passable for vessels drawing five or six feet of water, and is still capable of being much improved."

(To be continued in Next Issue.)

Industrial Safety and Accident Prevention

By JAMES J. DAVIS, Secretary of Labor

THE way to safety and accident prevention is through practical effort not only on the part of employers and employes in industry, but through the proper instruction of our children who must be taught the need of caution in the home and school. Some go on the theory that the burnt child dreads fire, but I would rather teach the child to avoid the fire than take a chance on his learning the lesson by experience of fire itself. The lesson of caution can be learned without the experience of losing a hand, a foot, a life.

Teach the children today to save themselves, and tomorrow you will have a safer world. Engrave on their minds in school the need of a proper respect for life. Safety in industry is first of all a matter of education, as it is also a practical matter of the widest scope. We must attack the problem from every possible angle.

Every six minutes, on every day of the year, there is a fatal accident of some kind in America. Every day in the year there are sixty-three deaths from industrial accidents. One hundred and five thousand persons annually are permanently partially disabled. Think of the economic loss to the nation, and the sacrifice of individual happiness. *And most of these accidents, if not all of them, are unnecessary, or would be unnecessary, if we were as much concerned with human welfare as we are with our property and dollars.* These accidents are the penalty of our carelessness, thoughtlessness and neglect.

More than half a century ago, General Sherman was quoted as saying, "War is hell," and people have been quoting him frequently ever since. But what would General Sherman say if he were living today, and knew that the annual toll of industrial accidents is greater than the casualties of all the battlefields on which he ever faced a foe? Would he not be tempted to revise his opinion and place hell within the area of so-called peace?

Let us consider for a moment the appalling facts laid bare by unbiased statistical inquiries in the midst of our jubiliations over the economic advance of the nation.

Many an American youth believed that his life was to be cut off prematurely when the Government called him to the colors in 1917 to fight for his country. But the cold fact is that he was really in less danger while fighting for the land that bore him than he was while engaged in his peaceful vocations and avocations. Fifty-three thousand and three hundred American soldiers were killed or died of wounds during the nineteen months of our participation in the war, despite all the weapons of savagery leveled against them; but during that same period 132,000 persons were killed at home in the performance of their daily duties. Accidents, a majority of which could have been avoided, if there had been a will to avoid them, killed more than two and a half times as many of our citizens as were killed by the engines of war on the battlefields of Europe.

Consider our annual death list—a summary of all the victims of tuberculosis, heart disease, pneumonia, and all the other medical disorders to which flesh is heir—and it will be found that apart from these scourges, more than six deaths out of every hundred are due to accidents, most of which could have been prevented, if proper care had been taken. And of these unnecessary deaths, one-fourth of the 6 per cent are of an industrial character. Is this not an appalling fact that almost beggars description? More, is it not a burning disgrace that the richest country in the world—a country whose wealth totals the unprecedented figure of $400,000,000,000—should pay so little attention to so great, so monstrous an evil within its very heart? Is it not worth our while to see if we cannot prevent this enormous loss of life and happiness, by starting a movement whose aim shall be the conservation of human life in industrial plants? How can a thoughtful and benevolent American be happy when he knows that every day of the year will witness sixty-three deaths from industrial accidents, most of which could have been avoided by a little more thoughtfulness and care, and a little less indifference and neglect?

Every year we pile up a total of 89,500 deaths by accident, 245 every twenty-four hours, more than ten an hour, and one every six minutes.

Are we living too fast? Are we becoming too callous in regard to human life? Are we measuring heart-beats by dollars and cents, and are we timing human endeavor by the stop-watch? This is why we suffer so much from disability and death, due to industrial accidents. It would almost seem as if the average American, carrying liberal insurance, would rather gamble on what he is worth as dead weight than on what he could produce as a living factor in American production.

I have no particular quarrel with the man who is not fool-proof,—the fellow who, whether at the wheel of an automobile, or in industry, or the backyard of his home, has an innate desire to juggle his own life. If he is bent upon giving himself thrills, which neither endanger others nor menace the future of his family, that's his business. But when I learn that 25 per cent of the total blind population of the country, of which number 57,444 are blind as a result of laxity somewhere, I must insist on sounding an alarm. I cannot help feeling appalled over the annual wage loss of $1,022,000,000, due to industrial accidents of one kind or another. I want to save for useful production the 227,000,000 days lost annually because of these industrial accidents. The 105,000 persons who are annually disabled, and whose disablement remains permanent, ought to be spared for something better than a cot or a wheel chair. It seems to me that it is high time, when we find that 6,900 persons are injured daily in the industrial army of the nation, to declare an accidentless holiday from midnight to midnight. Think of the millions paid in compensation for injuries—a charge upon industry affecting the earnings of employer and employes.

It is true that we are a nation of producers. A wonderful supply of raw material, combined with American pluck and industrial genius, has made us what we are. But it is time that the genius of the nation, which has worked so many economic miracles, did something to wipe out the disgrace of the 23,000 fatal and 2,500,000 non-fatal accidents from which American industry suffers every year.

What can we do about it? How can we learn to avoid dangers that now take such a frightful toll? I fear the generation now in the saddle is too careless or heedless to invoke the ounce of prevention that is needed. But we can do something for the generations to come. We can seek by means of instruction and legislation to overcome some of the industrial evil of which complaint is here made. We can teach the youth of today the harrowing results of industrial neglect, and make it difficult for the fool and the maniac of speed to bring disaster upon themselves or their associates.

Again let us urge the importance of beginning with the children themselves. I would have the lesson of care taught every day in school. I would give it the same importance as arithmetic or grammar, or any of the matters we consider necessary to success in life. *You may have all the talents and knowledge on earth, but if you lack the necessary care of yourself and your neighbor, you are a danger to your country and not an asset.*

There is no mistaking the importance of this matter of saving life and avoiding injury. We are all concerned vitally in this worthwhile movement, this splendid program of education and inspiration, and I promise to lend it every aid in my power.

An address delivered before the New York State Tenth Annual Industrial Congress at Rochester, November 29, last.

Of Pioneer Railroad Stock

(Continued from Page 100)

ing flagmen, stood about where the tower is located just south of the station.

On December 1, 1882, while working with a new crane car at the bridge over the Saranac river, it capsized and he suffered injuries from which he never recovered, he says. Were it not for this handicap, and a slight deafness, he is in remarkable health for one of his age. Typical of his rugged life is his statement that he never has known that he has "a heart, a stomach, or anything."

Recalling the men with whom he first worked on the road, he opines that, "Men were different then and they honored their superiors." "Railroading," he declares, also, "is a great adventure," and as he reminisces he may tell you, too, that he was "never quite so happy as when sitting on top of a box car on the old night freight on a balmy spring morning" Many was the morning that he saw a scene that "no picture can beat," painted on the waters of Lake Champlain just as the sun peeked over the Green Mountains, as may be seen on leaving the tunnel at Willsboro.

On October 27, last, he and Mrs. Haley, nee Catherine Hammil of Malone, marked their thirty-fifth wedding anniversary. They have three sons,, all of whom are employed as electricians in the Ford Motor Car Works at Detroit, Mich., and another son, Lawrence M., while employed as a trainman, met death in a derailment at Willsboro Point, April 17, 1918, the day before he was to have left the road to join the Red Cross forces in France.

He is a member of The Delaware and Hudson Veterans' Association and of St. John's Roman Catholic church of Plattsburg.

Conditions In Germany

IN Germany, at the middle of November, 1926, there were still about 1,300,000 unemployed receiving relief, or about 740,000 less than at the highest point in February, 1926. It is impossible, of course, to tell how long unemployment on this scale may continue, or whether it has not even increased temporarily during the winter months, with the falling off of employment in the so-called seasonal trades. One thing that is clear is that it will take time to solve the problem of unemployment, and that so long as it continues at anything like its present high level it will present a budget problem of the first magnitude. * * *

It is generally admitted, however, that the opportunity exists for a considerable extension of agricultural production, and it is hoped that funds prudently expended in this direction will not only stimulate immediate and steady employment, but also increase appreciably the domestic production of foodstuffs. * * *

There has been an increased tendency to extend special loans and credits to industry and agriculture, and even to make capital investments in business and industry for Government account. This tendency has grown during the past year, partly under the stimulus of demands for unemployment relief, and as a result it has put a heavy drain on the budget. * * *

The equilibruim of the budget has been unexpectedly complicated by the problem of unemployment, and in large measure the deficiency in the extraordinary budget must be due to expenditures for its relief, particularly to those classified under the heading of "productive unemployment relief." * * * There is a real danger that a Government program of capital expenditure, under the guise of "productive unemployment relief," would chiefly result in a large waste of working capital in unnecessary or relatively unproductive undertakings, and that in this way it would involve a serious drain on the productive resources of the country, without yielding more than temporary benefits in the direction of unemployment relief. * * *

Most of the States (in Germany there are twenty-one states and free cities) a year ago had come into possession of revenues much in excess of their anticipations and even considerably beyond their requirements. This very fact soon led to expenditures outside the budget estimates, and encouraged the public authorities to venture upon new and untried fields of expenditure. Now the situation has changed, and with somewhat reduced revenues and substantial new demands, particularly for unemployment relief and other forms of social expenditure, the budget of many of the states and communes are already showing signs of some pressure.

Genesis of Locomotive Whistles

By E. W. MERSEREAU, in *Maine Central Magazine*

NO possible connection between the raucous screams of a modern locomotive whistle and the destruction of a load of eggs on a country crossroad in 1833 is apparent to the casual observer, but a definite connection does exist and the ill-fated eggs were directly responsible for the invention of the first locomotive whistle, according to the version of this important piece of railway history related to me by a prominent railroad man.

When country roads were all crossed at grade and when people used to sit on their doorsteps and watch the ox carts whiz by, locomotive engineers had no way of giving warning of their approach except by blowing a tin horn. Naturally the engineer's lung capacity determined the volume of sound in giving warning of approaching trains, so the result thus obtained was far from a sufficient warning.

One bright spring day in 1833 a farmer approached a railroad crossing on his journey to market with a load of eggs and butter. Just as he came out upon the track, a train approached. Lustily the engineman blew his horn but the farmer was so deeply immersed in pounds and dozens, shillings and pence, that he did not hear it.

Crash! Dozens of eggs and pounds of butter were transformed in a twinkling into an unsalable omelet, widely distributed over the right-of-way.

A claim agent checked up on the case, resulting in the railroad company paying the farmer the value of his butter, eggs, horse and wagon.

A director of the company, Ashland Baxter by name, went to Alton Grange where George Stephenson lived, to see if he could not invent something that would give a warning more likely to be heard.

Stephenson went to work and the next day he had a contrivance which, when attached to the locomotive boiler, and the steam turned on, gave out a shrill discordant sound.

The railroad directors, greatly delighted, ordered similar contrivances attached to all the locomotives.

This has developed into the locomotive whistle as we know it.

B. & O. Centennial

ONE hundred years ago, The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was founded. The exact date was February 28, 1827, and on February 28, last, at Baltimore, Md., officials of the company, the state of Maryland, the city of Baltimore, and others joined in commemorating this notable event. During the course of an elaborate dinner, followed by speechmaking and the operatic rendition by employes of the company of "The Birth of a Railroad," written in three episodes by Margaret Talbot Stevens, associate editor of *The Baltimore and Ohio Employes' Magazine*, the history of the road was traced in interesting detail down to the year 1830.

As gleaned from the souvenir program, a very artistic bit of typographical work, "The Beginnings of the Baltimore and Ohio," were briefly as follows:

"One hundred years ago * * * the Legislature of Maryland granted a charter to a group of Baltimore men to build a Rail Road from their town to the Ohio River, more than three hundred miles distant. They were authorized to take unto themselves the name, 'Baltimore and Ohio Rail-Road' and to acquire for their road a right-of-way, sixty-six feet in width, for the entire distance. Upon it they were to carry 'goods, produce, merchandise or property of any description,' as well as passengers * * * Upon three millions of dollars in shares being subscribed, the men of Baltimore City might complete incorporation of their company * * * Work on the new railroad must be begun within two years."

The first issue of stock was quickly oversubscribed, the state of Maryland and the City of Baltimore taking blocks of 10,000 and 5,000 shares, respectively, with the result that the company was organized and incorporated, April 23, 1827, with Philip E. Thomas as its first president. During that summer the first rough surveys for the route were made, and on July 4, 1828, the first stone was laid at Baltimore.

During its one hundred years of existence fourteen presidents have served the road, as follows: Philip E. Thomas, 1827-1836; Joseph W. Patterson, 1836; Louis McLane, 1836-1848; Thomas Swann, 1848-1853; William G. Harrison, 1853-1855; Chauncey Brooks, 1855-1858; John W. Garrett, 1858-1884; Robert Garrett, 1884-1887; Samuel Spencer, 1887-1888; Charles F. Mayer, 1888-1896; John K. Cowen, 1896-1901; Leonor F. Loree, 1901-1904; Oscar G. Murray, 1904-1910; and Daniel Willard, who was elected to the office in 1910. A photographic likeness of each of these men appeared on each page of the program.

The Man Behind the Gun

IT is of interest to know that the man for whom the well known phrase, "The man behind the gun," was coined, is still living. And what is more, he is of the "he-man" type, as might easily be supposed. Charles "Gunner" Morgan, U. S. N., retired, who figured prominently as director of a diving crew during the rescue work following the sinking of the battleship *Maine*, in Havana harbor, in 1898, is the man. On February 15, last, the anniversary of the disaster, he made his annual pilgrimage to Key West, Florida, the shrine of the unknown dead who were killed in the explosion, an act that in itself is most praiseworthy.

Just what particular feat, if any, earned for "Gunner" Morgan the unique distinction that has since been so popularly applied to men whose initiative, whose perseverance, or whose powers for carrying them beyond the point where others falter, we are unable to cite. But none can deny the fact that were it not for the men of his ilk, who are "behind the gun" in railroad work, neither our profession nor we in the ranks would be where we are today.

Hats off, then, to the "man behind the gun,"—the pioneer, the perseverer, the doer. All mankind is dependent upon him. Surely "Gunner" Morgan should feel proud of his distinction. It is the men of his type who are making this country a leader among nations. Likewise, it is the men of his type who are making our railroads the greatest, the most efficient, transportation arteries in the world today.

The Reason Why

THE reason that shelves are not loaded down with goods; the reason that merchants' money is not tied up with large stocks; the reason the consumer does not have to pay extra prices because of the tying up of stocks; the reason why merchandise throughout the country, even in the distant small town stores, is "up-to-date"—the reason for all this is simply that the railroads now carry goods so quickly that it is no longer necessary to load up with a season's goods at a time.

—Fort Worth (Texas) Star-Telegram.

Clicks from the Rails

Recognize Tunney's War Record

Gene Tunney, heavyweight champion, a Marine buddy of E. H. McReynolds, editor of the Missouri Pacific Lines' *Magazine*, attended a recent banquet of the "Booster Club" on that road, and was presented with a Ball official railroad standard watch in appreciation of his record in the World War. The watch, suitably engraved, was donated to the Boosters by the Ball Time Service.

* * *

Approve $600,000 Bridge Plans

Approval of the United States War Department has been stamped upon the plans of the Pennsylvania Railroad to build a new eight-span, 1,000-foot, double-track bridge across the Wabash river at Terre Haute, Ind., at a cost of $600,000. This, however, is but one item in a program calling for the expenditure of $1,300,000 in the improvement of the St. Louis division, including double-tracking.

* * *

Pennsylvania Pension Figures

Eighty-three employes of the Pennsylvania Railroad were retired from active duty on February 1, last. Three were in the employ of the Company for fifty years or more each, while forty-seven had records of forty years' service or more. Since the establishment of the Pennsylvania pension plan on January 1, 1900, a total of 19,890 employes have been retired under its provisions. Of these, 11,244 have died.

* * *

Engineer Saves Trackman's Family

Phores Markley, Pennsylvania Railroad engineman, shortly after midnight, January 28, last, discovered the house of a track repairman on fire, and sounded the warning that brought about the escape of the repairman, his wife and two children. Later in the day the Pennsylvania Women's Aid sent the homeless family $100.

* * *

Women railroad workers now total more than 60,000 for all branches of the service, including the running of trains.

Engineer and Railroad President

There is at least one locomotive engineer in the country who is also a railroad president. His name is Dave Dingler, of Cassville, Mo.

Mr. Dingler is head of the Cassville & Exeter Railroad, four miles long, and in addition to his executive duties, he pulls a throttle seven days a week. After putting the locomotive away for the day he looks over the depot, and the work of the section gang and the agent.—*The M. K. T. Association News.*

* * *

$146,242 in Insurance Benefits

During the last eight months of 1926, the time elapsing since Group Insurance was adopted by the Rock Island Lines, the employes of that Company, or their beneficiaries, were paid a total of $146,242.89. As elsewhere where Group Insurance protects a worker's family, many expressions in appreciation of its merits have reached the Management of the road.

* * *

Coolidge Fires Tunnel Blast

President Coolidge, pressing a telegraph key in his office in Washington, on Friday evening, February 18, last, flashed the spark that set off the shot which removed the wall of rock between the east and west pioneer headings of the Moffatt tunnel. Six months will elapse, however, before the tunnel will be ready for use.

* * *

Buses Have Their Surcharge, Also

The Pickwick Stages System operating in California and elsewhere, exacts a surcharge of $1.50 on its limited stages. It owns its own terminals and stations in the larger towns and cities on its routes, but rents these facilities elsewhere. Its cars are the latest word in motor bus design.

* * *

James W. Reynolds, a section employe on the Union Pacific, in Kansas, obtained permission to be absent from his work for a few days and while away formed a $2,000,000 manufacturing corporation to make an improved railroad spike, of which he is the inventor.

Most Casualties Due to Carelessness

Only eighty-three passengers were killed and 2,053 injured in collisions or derailments of trains in 1925 (the latest figures available), while ninety-three were killed and 3,580 injured because of their own carelessness. Accidents of the first kind mentioned were 53 per cent less frequent than in 1918, but those due to personal carelessness increased 13 per cent.

* * *

Finds Ancient Pass

A carpenter in tearing down a partition in an old house near Sherburne, N. Y., recently, came upon a card that bore the inscription, "Opening Excursion of the Utica, Susquehanna and Susquehanna Valley Railroad, to Waterville, November 14, 1867. Comlimntary. Present this ticket on entering the car."

* * *

Southern Pacific Retires 93

Ninety-three employes of the Southern Pacific, representing more than 6,364 years of railroad service, were retired during the year, 1926. Six had active careers in excess of fifty years, while the service of all averaged thirty-three years. The Company's roll of pensioned employes totals 1,370.

* * *

Rid Stations of Advertisements

Failure of advertising agents to come to terms with John J. Bernet, the new president of the Erie Railroad, is given as the reason for the removal of advertising matter from station walls. The Erie was one of the few carriers that had continued to rent space of this kind for advertising purposes.

* * *

Buys 1,000 Automobile Cars

One thousand new steel automobile cars, each equipped with a traveling crane of 3,000 pounds capacity, have been placed in service by the Union Pacific. The cars are fifty feet in length, and have corrugated steel side doors twelve feet in width.

* * *

The more mind does, the more it can do.—William James.

APRIL

GOOD morning, sweet April, so winsome and shy,
With a smile on your lips and a tear in your eye,
There are pretty hepaticas hid in your hair,
And bonny blue violets clustering there.

The spring-beauties wake for the girls and the boys,
And the earth grows green without bustle or noise.
From tiny brown beds now wrapped fold upon fold,
The loveliest garlands will soon be unrolled

Ah, welcome! sweet April, whose feet from the hills
Have walked down the valleys and crossed o'er the rills;
The pearls that you bring us are dews and warm showers,
And the hem of your garment is broidered with flowers.

— *Unknown.*

THE DELAWARE AND HUDSON COMPANY BULLETIN

MARCH 15, 1927

RICHMONDVILLE HILL
(LOOKING SOUTH)

A Common Feller

By JOHN D. WELLS

(In Buffalo Courier-Express)

MAY the folks that pine for riches,
As the sayin' is, succeed—
Here's a common feller's wishes
That they gather all they need;
May the Lord see fit to prosper
From that boundless store o' his—
Give 'em wealth and things aplenty,
If that's what their ruthers is.

But for me, my taste is simple—
Jist a humble home will be
The thing, with flowers round it,
Sort o' sharin' things with me;
Not too big a house, but prob'ly
Story and a half, an jis'
Filled with love until it bulges,
Jist about the size o' this!

Then I'd fill it up with children,
Every breed the doctor 's got—
Bowleg boys an' girls redheaded,
Tongue tied too, as like as not!
Not to full of fun an' mischief,
Nor so good they're overpowerin',
But the kind that's which an' tother,
Jist about the likes o' you!

Then I'd have to have a pardner
Who could sort o' mother them—
Who could patch their duds an' sew 'em,
Stitchin' love in every hem;
One of them there sort o' wimin
Heaven meant to see us through—
One who's extraordinary,
Jist about the likes o' you!

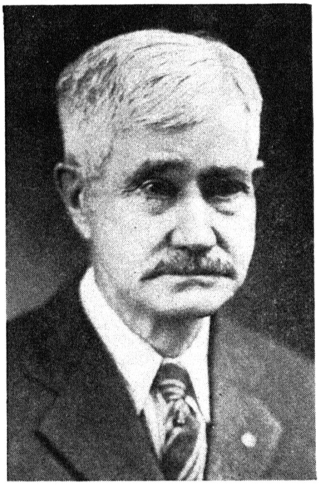
May the folks that pine for riches,
As the sayin' is, succeed—
Here's a common feller's wishes
That they gather all they need;
'Tain't for me to tell 'em how they're
Overlookin' happiness,
But the richest folks is people
Jist about the size of us!

The
DELAWARE AND HUDSON COMPANY
BULLETIN
Vol. 7 Albany, N. Y., March 15, 1927 No. 6

Miner, Indian Fighter, Engineer

Saratoga Springs Veteran Has Enjoyed Adventures and Experienced Thrills Such as Might Well Make Writers of Fiction Envious

FICTION, bah! Compared with the everyday, honest-to-goodness, soul-thrilling experiences of red-blooded men who value life most dearly for the opportunity it affords for adventure and learning, and for its associations — men to whom fear and ridicule are as strange as foreign jargon, it rates but a feeble imaginary effort at the best. The real fiction of life is to be found only in the memory chests of those men and women who have actually lived it.


JOHN M. KING

A boy to whom his country owes a debt of honor for the life his father sacrificed on the battle front, and who, becoming an orphan through the death of his bereaved mother three years later, lived as a direct consequence a life of thrilling adventure, first as a railroad man in the days of the link and pin and woodburning engines, then as a miner in the bituminous pits of the mid-west's coal fields, and next as one of Uncle Sam's cavalrymen battled with the Indian on the Wyoming frontier, then returned to the railroad and worked his way up to the position of a locomotive engineer, serving altogether forty-five years and three months of continuous time with such credit as to elicit the hearty commendation of his employers. Real fiction is to be found in such a life, don't you think? A man like that is virtually a walking volume of fiction more gripping and more thrilling than any yet written.

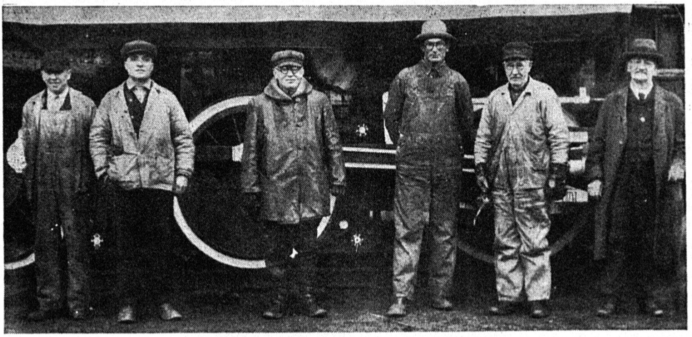
To the lover of romance and adventure when in the company of such a person, and especially if that person loathes self-exploitation, time actually seems to take wing. Numbered among those who, having served the Management of our Company with great credit to their profession and to themselves, are permitted to remain among us and enjoy a merited respite from the exacting routine of their work, is the boy of whom we speak. His hair may be gray, he may be slightly stooped, a physical handicap may have slyly crept upon him—age imposes these and other penalties upon all who lay claim to their "three score and ten," yet his eye is clear and sharp and it sparkles with that *something* that hints of a life fully lived. He is a most pleasant companion. Such a man is JOHN M. KING, of No. 29 Park Street, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., a locomotive engineer, who retired on April 1, 1926, just prior to his seventieth birthday.

Three generations of his family have figured in the history of the Saratoga division, which includes that earlier road so familiarly known at even this late day as the Rensselaer and Saratoga. When he was born on June 22, 1856, in Payne street, Green Island, N. Y., his father, Otis King, was employed as a brakeman on the Rensselaer and Saratoga as were his father's brothers, Noah and Ben. Noah, older employes will recall, was at the throttle of the *Farewell* when it blew up at Ballston, but escaped without serious injury, and Ben served also as a locomotive engineer until pensioned by the Management. Then during the winter of 1870-71, when he was fourteen years old, he, too, was employed by the Company and he now has a son, JOHN O. KING, with whom he makes his home, who is a fireman in passenger service on the Adirondack branch.

His father had left the railroad and was engaged in farming on Court House hill, four miles west of Ballston, when the Civil War broke out and he enlisted in Co. H, 153rd New York Volunteers. Some time later he was fatally wounded in the battle of Cedar Creek, Virginia, and is buried at Burnt Hill, between Ballston and Schenectady. JOHN was then five years old and the second oldest of five children who shortly afterward became orphans through the death of their mother.

With two uncles on the railroad, and both engineers, it was only natural that he, too, should choose that profession for his first venture as a breadwinner. He secured a place with a track gang at Green Island, under Martin Coleman, but finding the work far too heavy for one of his years, got transferred to the roundhouse, the construction of which had just been completed, and became a wiper. The only shop building then stood on the site of the present wye. Well he remembers the beginning of his work at the roundhouse. It was a terribly cold day and traffic was nearly at a standstill. Three engines, including the *Rutland* and the No. 136, were frozen up and stalled in the snow at Tibbitts street.

Recollection of this incident causes him to observe that our winters are not "what they used to be." "I've seen that cut at what they call the 'horseshoe curve,' north of Round Lake, so full of snow that three engines couldn't buck their way through," he recalls. In fact, bucking snow was a real winter pastime in those days. It was not an unusual sight to see two or more engines—sometimes as many as five—coupled together, back up and, getting under steam, plunge into a bank at full speed.



MR. KING AND CREW

(Left to right)—William J. Quinlan, fireman; Mahlon Hoffman, trainman; John Ryan, yard conductor; Patrick R. Reardon, trainman; Mr. King, and George Schirck, pensioned engineer

Primed with a desire to see the country, and with no parental restrictions to prevent him, he quit his job as a wiper at the end of three months and went to Selma, O., about forty miles from Dayton, where he worked for a milk man until the winter of 1873 when he jumped to New Orleans and became a section hand on the old Morgan, Louisiana and Texas, now a part of the Southern Pacific system. This road extended from Algiers to Brashear City on the Gulf of Mexico, a distance of about eighty-four miles.

Next he was employed for about six months in

(Continued on Page 93)

Beware Physical Bankruptcy

"Nothing is Sadder," Declares Charles Evans Hughes, and Other Authorities, Commending the Benefits to be Realized From Periodic Physical Examinations

HEALTH," Charles Evans Hughes has said, "is most worth while to conserve. I do not mean simply the abounding vigor of youth, with abundance of fresh air and exercise and with its reserves which seem to mock the warnings of elders. I mean, rather, the sustained and protected strength which is based on the conservation of physical resources and gives promise of a long life well lived.

"In our onward journey the ranks are rapidly thinned by the passing out of those who have had their brief stay and were soon done. When their notes matured they were unable to meet them. Nothing is sadder than these physical bankruptcies, which deprive men and women of opportunities when with the capital of experience well invested they should have the most ample returns."

Health is precious! Health is money! Health is everything! None there are who will argue to the contrary. It is our one greatest asset. Without it we are lost. But what of its relation to "experience." As acquired in the course of our work, year after year, *experience* is, as it quite properly has been termed, our capital, our stock in trade, but it can avail us nothing whatsoever unless our health permits us to apply it. Unless we are physically able to follow where it may lead, *experience* is of no great value.

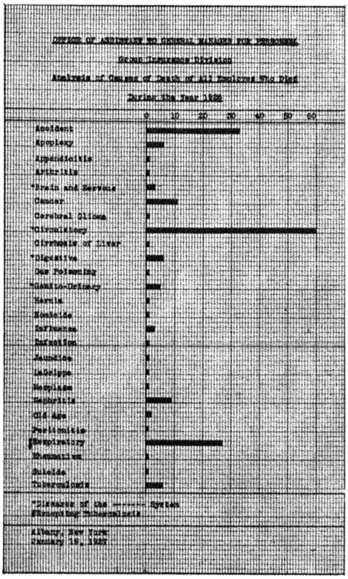


Table Showing Analysis of Deaths That Occurred Among Our Employes During 1926

What a sad picture, as Mr. Hughes has cited, is presented by the man or woman who, though fully capable of taking a leading part in the social and business affairs of life, is, instead, a physical bankrupt. Except as carelessness of a thoughtless sort may exist, no person can be charged, perhaps, with wilfully bringing themselves to such a state of affairs. On the other hand, however, there are well established safeguards such as if observed in time may serve to prevent such a calamity.

Not all sickness, or disability arising from sickness, may be avoided, but much of it may. In other articles of this kind we have told of a growing tendency toward prevention in preference to trying to effect a cure once a malady has affixed itself to us. We have shown how by periodic medical examinations the capable physician may discover in time and prescribe a remedy such as will thwart the progress of conditions that if allowed to continue unchecked may have a disastrous effect. One article, in particular, told how the much dreaded rupture may be avoided in many instances through the simple expedient of a physical examination. Other equally as serious conditions may likewise be anticipated.

Most people dislike statistics. But whether dry and dull, or not, they cannot always be ignored. And this is the season of the year when a great deal of data, in the form of annual reports, is to be found in circulation. For use in connection with this article we have, therefore, selected a report prepared in the office of the Assistant to the General Manager for Personnel, because it is, essentially, an analysis of the causes of death of all employes who died during the year just ended, 1926.

There emanated from New York City some weeks back a somewhat disconcerting statement to the effect that "heart disease is now the greatest single cause of death in the United States," and that it accounts for more than 10 per cent of all deaths from all causes, though tuberculosis is still the chief cause of death in man's productive years. A statement like this need not throw us into a panic, but it should be respected in much the same way as is the red light in the semaphore. It should result in a momentary halt during which a physician may "inspect" us.

We are too ready, perhaps, to think of heart disease as one of the penalties imposed by Father Time as we approach the span of life known as "Old Age." But in this we are wrong. Every child now ten years of age, we are told, is three times as likely to die eventually of heart disease as of tuberculosis. One person in every five living at the age of ten will in the end die of heart disease. Where tuberculosis was twenty-five years ago, heart disease is now. For instance, deaths from tuberculosis, typhoid fever and diphtheria in New York State in 1926, were the lowest on record, while those from heart disease and cancer were the highest.

With these facts in mind, suppose we now turn back to our analysis of deaths that occurred during 1926. Altogether, old and young, whether in active service or retired, we lost 185 of our co-workers by death. In twenty-six distinct ways the grim reaper entered our midst and took its toll. For every visitation made in the form of an accident, it came twice in the guise of a circulatory disease, and yet we sometimes find it difficult to dissuade ourselves of the thought that the railroad profession is one wherein men without number are continually being killed or maimed. In the case of respiratory diseases, the average was even greater.

Already we have spoken of tuberculosis and none there are but who shudder at mention of it, and well they may. Yet for every such death, and the total was six, there were ten that resulted from diseases of the circulatory system. It was the same with apoplexy and with digestive troubles. The ratio in which appendicitis, arthritis, cerebral glioma, cirrhosis of the liver, gas poisoning, hernia, homicide, infection, jaundice, la grippe, neoplasm, peritonitis, rheumatism and suicide were a factor, was as one is to sixty. Altogether, diseases of the circulatory system accounted for 32.43 per cent, or only a trifle less than one-third of the total number of deaths. And so it is that we find the report previously mentioned, of great educational value.

Men who have made a study of heart trouble declare that some of it is preventable. Much of it comes as a result of rheumatic infection in childhood, symptoms of which are recurrent sore throat, growing pains and St. Vitus dance. Among older folk other diseases and excess activity are contributing causes many times. Here, again, we find periodic physical examinations of great value in determining these conditions and paving the way for the timely recommendation of such rules of living as will serve to hold the disease in check.

These things having become known through study of the ailment, an attack already has been launched against it by the New York Heart Association, which is amalgamated with the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association, in order that the wide experience of the latter in checking tuberculosis may without delay be employed against heart disease as there is a striking similarity between the methods of treating the two ailments.

Like the silent reminder often seen on the office wall, these are busy days for all of us. By use of the talents that we have developed as a means to a livelihood, we are striving to make the most of life, to realize its best prizes. It is, indeed, a formidable struggle in which we are engaged, but one that we may enjoy and profit by, however, if we are physically able to cope with it. In view of this, Dr. Royal S. Copeland, United States senator from New York, has said:

"I wish everybody would come to realize how necessary it is to have a periodic medical examination. If you are occupied every hour of the day you naturally think you cannot take time to see the doctor for this examination. It is a mistake to neglect so obvious a duty. Disease is not like a wild animal seeking to devour you. It gives early notice of its intentions. Taken in the beginning almost any disease is curable. That

(Concluded on Page 92)

The Lost Train—A Mystery

Unlike the Imaginative Narrative of "The Lost Palace," Recently Published, This Article Deals With the Disappearance of An Entire Train

In connection with the story "The Lost Palace," by Edward Everett Hale, concluded in the last issue of THE BULLETIN, *I have dug up a further railroad story entitled "The Lost Train," by B. B. Valentine, published in October,* 1883, *in the* MANHATTAN MAGAZINE. *This imaginative accident is presumed to have occurred on one of the branch lines of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad.*

L. F. Loree

PRESIDENT.

At seven o'clock in the evening, on the twenty-ninth day of August, eighteen hundred and eighty-one, there stood on the railroad platform of the little station of Silver Bow seven persons. Silver Bow is a new settlement on one of the numerous branches of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad. Twenty miles southwest of Silver Bow, on the same track, is Lone Tomb. A like distance beyond this place lies Blue Canon, and still farther Golconda City, where the line terminates. Five of these persons had bought tickets for the Atlantic Express. They were waiting to take the momentarily expected train for Topeka, there to change cars and reach New York by way of Chicago. The remaining two individuals were the ticket-agent and a telegraph operator.

On the platform at Lone Tomb were a dozen persons, among them a party consisting of a bride and groom, just married, and a mysterious stranger, dressed in a long, black cloak and a slouch hat, who glanced furtively, from time to time, at the happy pair. The train from Blue Canon came slowly into Lone Tomb, and the passengers soon took their seats, the bride and groom going into the parlor-car, and the mysterious stranger entering the smoker. There were a few interchanges of courtesies between the loiterers on the platform and the conductor, brakemen and engineer, then the bell of the locomotive rang, and the train moved on the single track toward Silver Bow.

There was not a great deal of traffic on this branch of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. But two trains ran daily, Sundays excepted, through the seventy miles of wild but fairly level country that had occasionally been well traversed by the James boys and other desperadoes, for the United States Express car often carried in its safe a large amount of specie. The train that had just left Lone Tomb was known as "No. 67." It consisted of a Pullman Palace Parlor Sleeper, a smoker, an ordinary passenger coach, a baggage car, a United States Express and a caboose. The conductor, Jem Harris, was an Antietam hero, favorably known throughout Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico and Texas. The engineer, Tim Tiernan, enjoyed equally as much popularity, not solely on account of his general good-nature, but also for his skill in the game of poker. In remote regions such as these the arrival and departure of the train is, outside of an occasional lynching, the only excitement, and the trainmen are looked upon very much as were the driver and guard in the old coaching days in England.

"We're twenty minutes behind time," said Conductor Harris to Engineer Tiernan. "Shake her up, Tim; we'll get to Silver Bow by seven."

The seven persons on the platform at Silver Bow toward seven o'clock looked anxiously up the track for "No. 67," but there were no signs of it. A quarter-past seven, and still the well-known whistle, which could be heard often at a distance of three miles, had not echoed through the thickly-wooded hills. This was not unusual, for "67" had been at times half an hour late. As the Silver Bow travelers were beginning to get impatient, the telegraph operator wired to Lone Tomb and asked at what time the train had left. The answer soon came:

"'67,' in charge of Harris, left here for Silver Bow at 6:20. Fair load."

"Well," remarked the ticket agent who was in charge of the station, "she must be along in a few minutes now."

The passengers were satisfied and content to

(Concluded on Page 89)

The
Delaware and Hudson Company
BULLETIN

Office of Publication:
DELAWARE AND HUDSON BUILDING,
ALBANY, N. Y.

PUBLISHED semi-monthly by The Delaware and Hudson Company for the information of the men who operate the railroad, in the belief that mutual understanding of the problems we all have to meet will help us to solve them for our mutual welfare.

Permission is given to reprint, with credit, in part or in full, any article appearing in THE BULLETIN.

Vol. 7 March 15, 1927 No. 6

Do not look for wrong and evil,
You will find them if you do;
As you measure to your neighbor
He will measure back to you.
—Alice Cary.

Home—The Bulwark of the Law

By MARCUS KAVANAGH

Judge of the Superior Court, Cook County, Illinois

WE may work in vain and we will talk in vain and legislate in vain unless in the homes and in the family you teach respect for your country's laws. *There never yet was a movement worth while that did not have its nest at the fireside.* Oh, you and your wives have taught your children how to behave in public and how to dress and you have taught them their manners, you have taught them respect for God, but I want to ask you if you have ever stopped to teach your boy and your girl respect for their country's laws? Have you ever stopped to talk to them about respect for proper authority? Have you ever stopped to talk to them about the rights of others? It is necessary; necessary not only for their country's good, but for their own good, and the primer lesson, the first lesson in teaching respect for their country's law is to make them respect your law, the law of the home, the law of the mother, the law of the father.

Oh, don't you see, it is the home, the home. The home is the foundation of it all. The human heart when stripped of its illusions and staring at the realities of life and death, flies like a swallow to its nest, through the intervening years, to its father's side and its mother's knee. Do you realize that your boy and your girl think you the wisest person that ever lived? Do you know that the chief reason after all, for forgetfulness of the law and of our duty to our fellow citizens is in a forgetfulness of our duty to God? Do you realize that in the countries where the churches are full the prisons are empty? And that in the countries where the prisons are full, the churches are empty? How much time have you taken in confidential chat with your little boy and your little girl, telling them that you believe in the fatherhood of God and that God is near them and that they must depend upon Him and their duty to Him and their country? Ah, my friends, teach them that. Teach them their dependence upon the law. This is my last word.

The Pay Check*

TWO times each month at our house
We have the bestest day,
It's pretty near like Christmas time,
When Dad brings home his pay.

The days right after pay day,
We have lots more to eat.
The store man brings such bundles in,
Ma's cookin' can't be beat.

But then it dwindles by degrees,
The thought just makes me shiver,
Instead of having tenderloin,
The meat man brings us liver.

And when I say, "I'm hungry Ma,"
"My stomach's just a wreck,"
She says, "The bills must be kept down
'Til Dad gets his next check."

And when that blessed day arrives,
Ma gets up with a grin,
And Pa he shaves his whiskers,
And most cuts off his chin,

And Sis, she cleans herself all up,
And scrubs my brother's neck,
And then we all sit down and wait,
'Til Dad brings home the check.

I'm mighty glad I'm here tonight,
To boost our Railroad dear.
I love you all, from Mr. Nash
To every Engineer.

The Wipers and the Section Boss,
I love you all, "But, Heck"
The most I love about our road
Is the little old pay check.

(*This poem, composed by her mother, was recited by Geraldine Keyser, about six years old, at a Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad entertainment and dance. The Mr. Nash mentioned in the seventh verse is E. E. Nash, chief operating and traffic officer, which title is the equivalent of "general manager" or "vice-president" in our table of organization.)

Freight and passenger service today is about the biggest dollar's worth the American gets.

—*From the* Newark (N. J.) Star-Eagle.

The Lost Train — A Mystery

(Continued from Page 87)

wait. They walked up and down the platform and rested occasionally on their trunks and baggage, which were piled up ready to be deposited in the baggage-car of "67."

It was now eight o'clock and almost dark, without any indications of the approach of the train. Those who before had been impatient now became alarmed, especially the step-mother of the bridegroom, who, with his father, intended accompanying the young people as far as Topeka, as neither had been able to be present at the wedding. The telegraph operator, at the request of the ticket agent, wired once more to Lone Tomb, as follows:

"'67' not yet arrived. What's wrong?"

Lone Tomb replied:

"Must be all right. Perhaps hot-box. Good-night. Going home."

"It is nine o'clock," said the ticket agent to the tired and anxious persons on the platform, as he looked at his watch; "something must have happened, but I dont think it can be anything serious. A piece of machinery may have got out of order, and Tim Tiernan's repairing it. I guess '67' will turn up by and by in good shape." The ticket agent talked in this way to keep up the spirits of the others, but it was easy to see by his forced jollity that he did not like the look of things. "What can have happened?" he muttered to himself; "she can't have jumped the track or tumbled into the little creek—or have the James boys got aboard, stopped the train and shot Tim Tiernan? If anything of the sort has taken place, it would be at least another hour before we could hear of it here or from Lone Tomb."

At a quarter-past ten the ticket agent came to the conclusion that a serious mishap had befallen the train, and resolved to organize a party to go up the track toward Lone Tomb and learn the cause of the detention. The first thing he did was to send to a neighboring mining-camp, two miles away, to get the services of the sheriff and some of the miners to aid him in searching for the train and render the necessary assistance. Within less than an hour twenty resolute men, headed by the sheriff and the ticket agent, started for Lone Tomb. They were all well-armed, and a dozen of them carried lanterns. The telegraph operator and the step-mother and the father of the expected bridegroom remained behind and made themselves as comfortable as they could under the circumstances. They knew that several hours must elapse before any tidings of the train could reach them. The night was dark and cloudy, and only occasionally was the faint glimmer of a star visible through the overhanging firs that grew in rich luxuriance for a mile or two along the track, forming an avenue of plumed ghosts with bowing heads.

When the party had proceeded for about half an hour without seeing any trace of the train it stopped to rest and discuss the situation. The men looked at one another as well as they could in the blackness of the wood, and for a few minutes no one spoke.

"Well," at length said the sheriff as he rested his rifle on one of the rails of the solitary track, "I guess this is the James boys' work. We may have a fight after all. Who knows but that they may have murdered everybody on the train and got away with all the treasure in the safe. It's rough across the country, and it's almost certain they'll come this way. Keep a sharp lookout, boys; we may catch 'em. We'd better travel in military style. Advance guard, main body and rear guard!"

"Perhaps it ain't the James boys at all," said a weather-beaten, red-bearded miner. "The train may have tumbled over a bridge or down a ravine. Let us look at both sides of the track as we go along and—"

"That isn't very likely," interrupted the ticket agent. "This branch is as well built as any line in the West. The rails are steel and the road is ballasted with rock. The two bridges on it are thoroughly substantial, and the creeks they cross aren't big enough or deep enough to hold a horse-car, much less a whole train. Besides, there isn't a ravine worth talking about within two hundred yards of the track."

"Let's get along, boys, and keep our eyes open," said the sheriff; "its of no use staying here chinning."

As the ticket agent had stated, the track between Lone Tomb and Silver Bow was a good one and beset with few dangers. It is true that there were several sharp curves, but the trains always went slowly round these. There was one bridge that crossed a shallow stream; another spanned a small mountain torrent, and above a cutting through the rocks, about seven miles from Lone Tomb, was a natural arch, formed by boulders in by-gone ages, lodging in the narrow gorge. These were the only parts of the road where an accident might be likely, but at the same time highly improbable.

The night crept on, and the party reached the first bridge. The gentle ripple of the stream fell on their ears as the lanterns were held close to the track. The rails, ties and frogs were intact. The parapets were in perfect condition. No train could possibly have run off the track there. Some of the men plunged into the dense undergrowth among the willows near the water and swept the scene with the lurid light of their lanterns, which flashed in the woods like huge fire-flies. The brook, for it was nothing more, flowed silently on. No railroad disaster had disturbed its limpid calmness.

"We've got to keep on, boys," said the sheriff, with an air of painfully-assumed cheeriness. "We'll have '67's' headlight blazing down on us yet. She can't be far off now. We're only nine miles from Lone Tomb. We'll soon know what the trouble is."

No one had anything to add to the sheriff's remarks, so the weary and, so far, fruitless march was resumed.

"Hanged if I don't think," exclaimed the red-bearded miner, stopping suddenly, "that them James boys has ditched the train by putting logs on the track, and we'll find the wreck before we get to One Tree Bridge."

One Tree Bridge was so called because a huge pine stood like a sentinel close to the small but petulant mountain torrent that the structure crossed. Again the lanterns were swung over the water. Again the party scattered among the trees and searched carefully for traces of the missing train and its passengers, but without the smallest measure of success.

"Guess I've had about enough of this," said the ticket-agent. "Let's go back again; the company don't pay me to walk twelve or fourteen miles to look after its trains."

"Well," remarked one of the party, who had had but little to say, "we've come so far, we may as well see it through. The thing ought to be followed up. Something very unusual has happened, and it is our duty to find out what it is. Who knows but we may yet come upon the corpses of all who were aboard the train!"

"Oh! it ain't going to be as bad as that," said the sheriff; "but, anyhow, it's of no use going back. '67' must be close at hand, and then, when we've found out what the trouble is, we'll all have a nap at Lone Tomb and take the morning train for Silver Bow. We shall fetch up in time for breakfast."

"What licks me," the red-bearded miner blurted out, "is why some of them Lone Tomb fellows ain't found their way here before this."

"They hadn't any reason to," observed another miner, who carried very conspicuously two six-shooters, as the accidents happened up their way. "But do any of you know what the time is?"

There was an immediate pulling out and examination of watches, and then several voices chorused:

"Half-after three."

"I didn't think it was so late as that; let us push on, boys."

The gloom which had hung over the party like a pall during the earlier part of the march gave way to lightness of spirit and jocularity. The terrible fate which had probably befallen seventy or eighty human beings was apparently lost sight of for the moment. Whisky-flasks received attention. Cigars and pipes were lit, while various theories were advanced to account for the non-appearance of the missing train. One man suggested that it was taking a journey through the air attached to special balloons. Another, that it had been blown up with dynamite by Nihilists. A third, that the track had caved in and that "67" was running through a private tunnel of its own. The red-bearded miner seemed to think that the train saw the sheriff coming and had run round into the woods to get out of the way.

"You may joke away, gentlemen, as much as you please, but in my opinion it's no joking matter," said the ticket agent gloomily. "Here is this single track. That train left Lone Tomb at 6:20, and it hasn't got as far as this yet, and it is now nearly four. Where can it be? There are no precipices over which it could tumble. We don't know what horrors may be in store for us. I'm almost sorry I didn't go back; this long and anxious tramp has played me out."

It was the dark hour before daylight, rendered doubly gloomy by the high rocks on each side. The track curved sharply here as it entered the narrow gorge with the natural arch of boulders. No disaster to a train had taken place on this spot. The track, the ties, and everything were found to be in perfect condition. The detention, from whatever cause, must have occurred nearer Lone Tomb. The mystified and tired searchers became absolutely desperate with disappointment. The air grew cold and a light rain began to fall. The walking, too, was difficult, owing to the thicket on both sides of the track, the tangled underbrush and felled trees.

"We shall soon know the worst," said the sheriff, who had been a soldier, "but we may as well do the thing right up to the handle. We'll form an extended line, so that we can cover some of the ground in these woods, although I don't see very well how a train could get there, any way."

The line was formed, as suggested, just as the faint streaks of dawn appeared. The ground was carefully examined, the prickly branches of the underbrush tearing the clothes of several of the party. Now the track again turned abruptly, and then came open and very level country, with wooded purple hills in the distance, looking shadowy in the dim, gray dawn. The regular order of march was once more adopted. There was no longer any conversation; everybody felt exhausted. Suddenly there was a loud cry. It was a shout of unmistakable joy.

"Hurrah! I see her. I see the light—the headlight of Tim Tiernan's locomotive."

"Where?" all asked at once.

"There, right ahead on the track, as straight as you can look," answered the red-bearded miner, who had made the discovery. "What the blooming blazes can he be doing there?" he added.

"I'll be shot if I can see any blamed headlight."

"Why, sheriff, you can't help seeing it," said the ticket agent. "Just follow my finger."

"Oh! I've got it now."

Everybody saw it and felt elated in consequence. The long tramp was forgotten. The light loomed larger each minute through the gray morning mist. The party no longer walked hurriedly; their object was achieved. There would they find the train still on the track, without having been rifled by the James boys. It was probably some trifling accident to the locomotive that Tim Tiernan was waiting for daylight to repair. The whole crowd could now run back with Conductor Jem Harris to breakfast at Silver Bow. And what a splendid joke was this hunt for "67." It would be in all the newspapers and written up by professional humorists and cause no end of fun. The now light-hearted wayfarers walked briskly on. They "spurted" a little as there was some distance yet to go before coming up to the gleaming headlight. Indeed, the outline of the train could not be distinguished clearly in the early morning darkness, the misty atmosphere making the light on the open and level country appear nearer than it really was.

"Well, boys," the sheriff said, "this may be the last time I may have occasion to address you as a body. I think we all ought to be proud of our work. We've stood the rain, the cold and the tramp without flinching, and I'll see that the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe takes care of us."

"Let's get it over as soon as possible. What d'ye say to a run?" suggested the ticket agent. "We've been walking all the time."

"Good!" was the response from a dozen husky throats.

"A run be it, then!" exclaimed the sheriff. "Forward! Double quick!"

The whole party set off toward the light at a high rate of speed. The now damp earth resounded with the quick, measured step of the courageous little band. The headlight was at hand. Another couple of hundred yards and they would reach it. The runners breathed hard, but there would be rest in a minute or two. Hurrah! the red-bearded miner is the first man to disappear in the mist ahead of the others. He must be on the train by this time. The sheriff is a good second. There was a deep growl of disappointment. The light from the fixed kerosene lamp with bright reflector threw its rays over the excited men and the bare railroad track, and they looked up and read, by the faint daylight, the legend, LONE TOMB, above the platform of the station.

B. B. Valentine.

Note.—The question is: What became of the lost train? The author does not know.

Three Veterans Pensioned

Pensions have recently been granted to three veterans of the service, by the Board of Managers, as follows: Stephen Y. Baldwin, No. 102 Fisk Ave., Pittsburg, Pa., general agent; Frank Ball, No. 5 Jeffery St., Carbondale, Pa., locomotive engineer; and, Thomas Evans, R. F. D. No. 3, Dallas, Pa., crossing watchman.

INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID
FEBRUARY, 1927

Death benefits - - - - -	$20,791
Health benefits - - - - -	10,206
Accident benefits - - - - -	882
Accidental Death and Dismemberment benefits - - - - -	None
Total and Permanent Disability benefits	310
Total benefits - - -	$32,189

Agents Re-Elect Officers

ALL of the officers of The Delaware and Hudson Freight and Ticket Agents' Association were re-elected at a regular quarterly meeting which was convened in Room 408 of the General Office building, at Albany, on Thursday, January 20, last. They are **Edward Martin**, agent at Cooperstown, N. Y., president, and J. F. **Costello**, agent at Troy, N. Y., secretary and treasurer. The vice-presidents are E. J. **Brenner**, agent at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., for the Pennsylvania division; H. C. **Becker**, agent at Binghamton, N. Y., for the Susquehanna division; W. A. **Little**, agent at Glens Falls, N. Y., for the Saratoga division; and W. W. **Cooper**, agent at Rouses Point, N. Y., for the Champlain division.

The meeting was called to order by the secretary and, in the absence of the president due to illness, the chair was taken by **Mr. Becker**, it being a Susquehanna division meeting. The regular order of business was first disposed of, outstanding in which was the treasurer's report which showed the Association to be in a splendid financial condition.

Talks then were made by **Max V. Beckstedt**, assistant to the general freight agent, who explained certain phases of rate-making with which members of the association are not generally familiar due to the fact that they are not called upon to deal directly with them; by L. F. **Perry**, assistant to the general traffic manager, who explained the publicity and advertising work carried on by his department, mentioning in particular the "Summer Paradise," the "Blue Book" of hotels and other accommodations to be found in the territory served by our Company north of the Pennsylvania division, the Adirondack folder and the "Summer Paradise in Picture," together with information concerning the compilation, distribution, aim and accomplishment of each, in an interesting and enlightening manner; and by **George E. Bates**, assistant to the vice-president for industrial development, who told of conditions as they affected our road during 1926 and something of the outlook for 1927, of the "job" his department has on its hands, of the industrial development in the Albany area, and of the work being done by the Real Estate department, also under his supervision.

Discussion of station and freight house problems followed these talks and before adjournment was taken it was voted to hold the spring meeting in Binghamton, notices of which will, of course, be sent out in the customary way.

Beware Physical Bankruptcy

(Continued from Page 85)

is why you should see the doctor at regular intervals in order that he may look you over. By so doing you will avoid the ailments which are so fatal in the middle-age groups. If we are to add materially to the expectation of life, improvement must be had between the ages of twenty-five and sixty."

Sir Arthur Newsholme of London, a great authority on public health administration, is responsible for the statement that the average span of life has been lengthened by fifteen years during the past seventy-five years. Everyone wishes to live as long as possible and for this reason his statement is of particular interest. He says:

"Years are already being added to the life of each member of the community, and every advance in curative and in preventive medicine implies an enhancement in the general standard of life. During the past seventy-five years not less than fifteen years have been added to the average duration of life in several countries. During the past twenty years the gain in length of life has been greater than in the previous fifty years. Already in the registration area of the United States—notwithstanding the vast number of avoidable deaths in childhood and in adult life, caused by disease well within our control—the average expectation of life for every infant at birth is fifty-eight to fifty-nine years. A large part of this improvement is directly due to the increased care of the health now becoming more general, both by personal effort and by the work of health authorities and of voluntary agencies."

We, as employes of The Delaware and Hudson Company, should rejoice in the fact that the Management is deeply interested in the health of its employe family. It is constantly giving its attention to well lighted, airy and sanitary shops and offices, and while its plan of Group Insurance is recognized as providing a means whereby expense incident to sickness and death may be met, the services of the visiting nurse of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, available in communities where the larger groups of our employes are located, may be recognized as a step in the direction of disease prevention. Further evidence of the interest of the Management in the campaign of health conservation is the announcement that a fully equipped physician's office will be opened on or about March 15, in Room No. 1 of the General Office Building, in Albany, where Dr. J. W. Ghormley, company surgeon, in addition to other duties, will be available to employes for consultation and periodic health examinations.

Miner, Indian Fighter, Engineer

(Continued from Page 84)

a saw mill at Lodi, Clay county, Indiana. Lodi, about fifteen miles from Terre Haute, was located in a somewhat virgin country and the great logs were brought to the mill by ox teams. He was only seventeen then and the work heavier than he could well stand.

A mile or a mile and a half from Lodi was Coal Bluff, on the I. & St. L., now a part of the Big Four system, where soft coal was mined, and thither he went to become a miner. All the coal that two horses could draw could be bought at the mine for a dollar a load. The railroad had its chutes at the mine, also, and its engineers were provided with tickets which they exchanged in a rather unique way for their engine supply.

At first he was employed as a helper in a slope or drift mine, although there were some mines of shaft construction also. In some places the coal laid so close to the top of the earth that it was only necessary to turn back a few feet of the soil in order to obtain it. These streaks or layers ranged in depth of only eighteen to twenty inches whereas the better veins had a depth of from two and a half to three and a half feet.

A dare next took him and his buddy into the regular army, they enlisting on December 5, 1876. He was assigned to Co. C, 3rd Cavalry and for five years was stationed at Fort Laramie, Wyoming, and Fort Robinson, Nebraska. Beginning with his departure from St. Louis, to which city he was first sent, his experiences were of a highly thrilling nature. With three hundred other recruits he was landed at Fort D. A. Russell, on the Union Pacific, and under the escort of a lieutenant made the remainder of the trip overland to Fort Laramie, a distance of nearly ninety miles, on foot. The route taken was through Indian country and not a house nor a camp, except water camps, was seen en route.

During his enlistment he fought the Indians in the battles of Spear Fish, in the Black Hills, Lost Creek, Mud Creek, Bell Fooche, and beyond the Cheyenne river. He was a member of a party sent to capture a band of Indians that was seeking to return to its hunting grounds in the Dakotas, from which it had been excluded. The band was intercepted in the Bad Lands of Nebraska. In its wake was a red trail of murder and destruction. Had they not been in a destitute condition and their ponies totally exhausted their capture might have been more difficult. As it was, they caused considerable trouble. On a creek where camp was made they dug themselves into its bank during the night and then refused to budge from their position until after two twelve-pound cannons had been brought from Fort Robinson and two shots had resulted in the killing of two of their number.

Lodged at Fort Robinson as prisoners of war they continued to give trouble. Other Indians from the Red Cloud agency, a mile away, smuggled rifles and pistols to them and when they were well armed they barricaded themselves. They were not long then in making a break for liberty with the result that a battle ensued in which thirty-two were killed outright and about twenty wounded.

On one occasion he was sent alone with a message to the Spotted Tail agency some forty miles distant and en route was approached by a party of Sioux on horseback. In order not to give the impression that he was alarmed by their presence he slowed his horse down to a walk. For a time they circled around him as was their custom and then greeting him with their accustomed "How, John?" rode off.

Taking his discharge at the termination of his enlistment, he returned directly to his home, arriving in Albany on January 26, 1880, and two days later was again at work in the roundhouse at Green Island as a wiper under Richard Murray, then the foreman. John L. Cory was the master mechanic. It was another cold winter, something like the one when he made his debut in railroad work. In addition to wiping engines, he was called upon to keep the tanks of the engines filled with water and for this purpose was obliged to haul a long rubber hose about the house, because the water tank outside was frozen solid. The coal supply likewise was ice-bound and it was necessary to build fires in it in order to thaw enough loose with which to dispatch the engines.

After two months of such employment, he was made a hostler. The duties of that job consisted of caring for the fires, keeping the tanks filled with water and other such work, but no running. Five months later he was given a more advanced position as a hostler and was permitted to handle engines in and out of the house and each morning made up the early passenger train which he would deliver at Tibbitts avenue.

His chance to go on the road as a fireman, one that he long had craved, came on February 23, 1882, when he was detailed to work with William Hardy on the Boston and Hoosac Tunnel local, running between Mechanicville and Albany. The engine on this run was the *W. B. Gage* and a combination brick of tar and coal dust was the fuel used. The heat from this was terrible and on his return home at night he was obliged to poultice his eyes with tea leaves in order to relieve the irritation and have them fit for the next day's work. After two weeks on this run, the regular fireman, Billy Goodspeed, returned and MR. KING, after a day of uncertainty, got the night freight run between Green Island and Port Henry, known as No. 45, with Engineer John Coleman. Two weeks later and he was again one of the extra men, but shortly returned to the roundhouse as a hostler.

This time he found it difficult to get back on the road, because of a disposition to keep him as a hostler. But he won his point eventually and went firing for Billy Harper on Nos. 5 and 8. Three months later Cory again wanted him as a hostler. He protested and made it known that he was ambitious for promotion to an engineer but Cory consoled him, somewhat, when he told him that a year in the roundhouse was worth two on the road, and back he went. When at last he became a regular fireman he worked with such men as CHARLIE GRAHAM, JOE LENTE, BILL FISHER, GEORGE MYERS and others. His last running was done with BILL FISHER on Nos. 1 and 6, during the fall of 1885. Altogether he was with FISHER eleven months at that time, during which they had the honor of hauling the Grant funeral train from Saratoga Springs to Albany.

Listen, now, to this! He was promoted to an engineer on Friday, October 1, 1886. He received the message at Whitehall, ordering him to take the switch engine No. 250 (known as the Twenty Shillings), a bob-tail, in the Green Island yard. As pleased as he was at this, the Friday part of the order bothered him. He preferred to make his debut at the throttle on most any other day, but Cory's ultimatum was "Now or never," and he took the job.

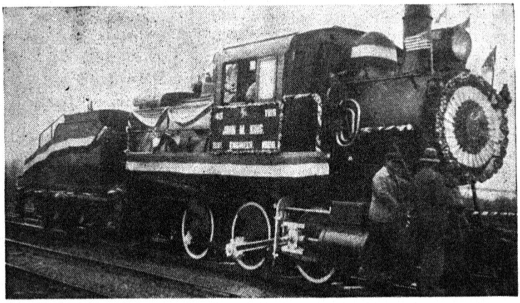
In the years that followed, he held most of the runs on the Saratoga division. His passenger work alone totaled twenty-eight years, during which he ran the sleepers on the Champlain division and also into Montreal. Much of the work was of the strenuous order. He recalls in this connection his experiences with the No. 128, *H. C. Lockwood*, which had no equalizer spring connected with the reverse lever and was badly broken all over. After a day of switching in the Whitehall yard, during which he was obliged to raise the links bodily each time the engine was reversed, he would be sent out at night with a pusher engine to work on the Rutland hill. On one occasion when starting out with a train he was warned by George Bennett that "I don't want any fancy running, but I want you to make the time if you melt the engine on the rails."

The later years of his career were passed on the Adirondack branch on the local freight and the Palmer Falls job, while for eight years prior to his retirement he was on a switch engine in the yards at Saratoga Springs, except for one year when he was on the Blue Mills run.

On May 16, 1882, he was married to Emma A. VanBuskirk of Green Island, and to them two sons and a daughter have been born. One son has been mentioned already and the other, H. B. King, is a salesman residing in Syracuse. The daughter is Mrs. E. H. Kallinich of Philadelphia. He is a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Division No. 217, of Whitehall, and of the following Masonic orders: Saratoga Lodge No. 103; Rising Sun Chapter, No. 103; Cryptic Council No. 131; and Washington Commandery, No. 33, all of Saratoga Springs. He is also a member of the First Presbyterian church.

The Last Day

Friends and Associates Decorated His Engine and Showered Him with Gifts



Clicks from the Rails

Plan Elaborate Terminal

One of the most elaborate and effective through passenger terminals in the country, with equally elaborate suburban facilities, is being planned for Philadelphia by the Management of the Pennsylvania Railroad. It is to be located near the present site of the company's West Philadelphia station on the west bank of the Schuylkill river, about one mile directly west of the present Broad Street station. The program of which this station building is a part, and includes also a new office building and electrification of the road within the city, will cost the railroad in the neighborhood of $55,000,000, and the city, $16,000,000, and is the direct outcome of many years of study.

* * *

Cost of Late Coal Strike

During the five and one-half months the late strike in the anthracite coal regions continued, wage losses probably exceeded $150,000,000. The out-of-pocket expense to the operators, in maintenance of the properties, approximated $35,000,000 and if the loss of possible profits is included, the industry was probably between $45,000,000 and $50,000,000 to the bad compared with what it would have been had the mines remained active.

* * *

Fourteen Volunteer Blood Gift

Fourteen fellow brakemen in the Harrisburg yards, Pennsylvania Lines, volunteered to submit to blood transfusion in an effort to save the life of John S. Bateman, yard conductor, who suffered the loss of both feet when he fell under the wheels of a car. A transfusion was made but he died soon after being admitted to a hospital.

* * *

21,733 Business Failures

During the year of 1926, there were 21,773 business failures in the United States as compared with 21,214 in 1925, or an increase of 2 per cent. Indebtedness, however, totalled $409,232,278 as against $443,744,272 in 1925, or a decrease of 8 per cent.

Up From the Ranks

Once again attention is focused on two men who have made their way up from the ranks to the top-most heights of the railroad profession. Briefly the story is this:

Charles M. Levey, who, on April 1, next, relinquishes the presidency of the Western Pacific to become assistant chairman of its board of directors, entered the employ of the Michigan Central as a telegraph operator in April, 1871, at the age of thirteen. He did not remain long with the Central but his advancement was steady, nevertheless, as he engaged with one railroad and another until 1909, when he became vice-president and general manager of the Western Pacific.

Harry M. Adams, formerly vice-president in charge of traffic on the Union Pacific, will succeed Mr. Levey as president of the Western Pacific. He was born in 1867 and in 1880 started his railroad career with the St. Louis & San Francisco at Cherryvale, Kansas, as a messenger. On October 1, 1919, he joined the Union Pacific's staff as the result of having previously distinguished himself in one position and another on various railroads of the far west.

* * *

Build Palace Car for Fish

Fishes, like people, are made ill by the swaying of a railroad car, declares George Morse, director of the Shedd Aquarium of Chicago, in explanation of the contemplated purchase of a specially designed tank car at a cost of $3,000,000. The car is designed to reduce the death rate by keeping the water tanks free of impurities during overland travel.

* * *

DeLuxe Train for Mexican Chief

A de luxe train is being built by the Pullman Company for the President of Mexico and will comprise a car for carrying automobiles, one to be used as a council chamber, and still another for the official escort. Exquisite Mexican tapestries and carpeting will characterize the furnishings.

* * *

The ladder of life is full of splinters, but they always prick the hardest when we are sliding down.—BROWNELL.

Rebore Hoosac Tunnel

Work of reboring the Hoosac tunnel, on the Boston and Maine, in order to increase its size, has recently been completed. Shipments that by reason of their height had heretofore been detoured over roundabout routes, now pass through the five-mile bore thereby expediting their delivery by from twenty-four to thirty-six hours. The feat was accomplished without any delay to traffic and is considered as most remarkable.

* * *

Taxes Exceed Total Earnings

"When the complete record of 1926 is made up it will show that the increase in the annual taxes of the railways has been greater within the last three years than the increase in their annual total earnings," says the *Railway Age* of recent date. The increase in taxes of the Class One roads in the first ten months of 1926 over the corresponding months of 1923 was $51,300,000, while their total earnings increased only $29,800,000.

* * *

Deficit In Dining Service

According to T. O. Edwards, general auditor for the Southern Pacific, his company in 1925 suffered a loss of fifty-two cents on the average meal served on its dining cars, which was sustained for the convenience of passengers and whatever benefit the road might derive from the advertising value of pleased patrons.

* * *

Employes Are Stockholders

Forty-one per cent, or 26,704 of the New York Central's 63,939 stockholders are employes of the company. Their holdings aggregate 62,650 shares at a par value of $6,265,000, but worth, at current market prices, $8,000,000, exclusive of holdings of the company's stock by employes not acquired under the special stock plan.

* * *

Ten cents for each half ounce or fraction thereof regardless of distance carried is the new airmail rate that went into effect on February 1, last. Zone rates have been abolished.

Contentment

❦

LET us learn to be contented with what we have; to get rid of prejudices and false statements; set up the higher ideals in a quiet home; have vines of our own planting; a few books full of the inspiration of a genius; a few friends worthy of being loved and able to love us in turn; a few innocent pleasures that bring no pain or sorrow; devotion to the right that will never swerve; a simple religion, empty of all bigotry, full of trust and hope and love — to such a philosophy this world will give up all empty joy it has.

— *Author Unknown.*